A MISSIONARY PIONEER IN THE FAR EAST

Dr. Divie B. McCartee and Mrs. McCartee in Japan
in the nineties

A Missionary Pioneer in the Far East

A MEMORIAL
OF
DIVIE BETHUNE McCARTEE

For More Than Fifty Years a Missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

EDITED BY
ROBERT E. SPEER

Secretary, Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church

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I

THE MAN AND HIS WORK: FROM AN OCCIDENTAL VIEWPOINT

ROBERT E. SPEER.

I

THE MAN AND HIS WORK: FROM AN OCCIDENTAL VIEWPOINT

DIVIE BETHUNE McCARTEE was one of the distinctive pioneers in the missionary enterprise of the American Churches in the Far East. His career covered the opening of China and Japan to missionary effort, and it embraced the wide range of activity and service so characteristic of the missionary founders. He was physician, scientist, educator, diplomatist, scholar, author, evangelist. His note books and diaries are full of his careful studies in medicine, archæology, history and botany. His personality was delightfully fresh and original and the reminiscences of his life which he left behind and which are embodied in this memorial are of the highest value, not only as a revelation of his own character and spirit but also as a record of the beginnings of Christian Missions and civilization in China and Japan.

Divie Bethune McCartee was born in Philadelphia on the 13th of January, 1820, as the oldest of ten children. His parents were both natives of New York City, where both of his grandfathers were prosperous merchants, esteemed as men of wealth, piety and philanthropy. His father, Robert McCartee, was a Presbyterian clergyman, born in 1790, graduated

at Columbia College as A.B. in 1808, who received from that institution the degree of A.M. in 1811 and S.T.D. in 1831. For a time he practiced law, and then in 1816 was graduated at the Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church in New York City. He was pastor in New York, Philadelphia and other places, and died in 1865. From 1822 to 1836, when, for his health, he moved to Port Carbon, Pa., Dr. Robert McCartee had charge of the Irish Presbyterian Church in New York City. In that church he began with a small membership of thirty and brought it up to a thousand, besides building a new edifice. He is said to have been not only pastor, but legal adviser and virtual magistrate of his parish; and in his library, containing many books of law as well as theology, the son from childhood was a precocious and omnivorous reader. Dr. Robert McCartee's range of interests also appears in the fact that while at Port Carbon he organized there a Lyceum of Natural History that continued in existence for some years.

The family name was originally MacEachen. The paternal great-grandfather of this Robert McCartee was Angus MacEachen, who came with his clan from the Island of Islay, on the coast of Argyleshire in Scotland. This ancestor took a somewhat prominent part on the losing side in the battle of Culloden, which was fought on the 16th of April, 1746; and in 1757 this led to his leaving Great Britain for America. Belonging to the same racial stock and fighting on the same side of that famous battle at Drummossie Moor, the great-grandfather of David Livingstone

was killed—David Livingstone, who in the same year of 1840 with Divie McCartee took his medical degree to become a missionary pioneer, and who, moreover, had first desired to go to China. The two men had much in common. Had Livingstone gone to China and McCartee to Africa it may be fairly supposed that the career of each would strongly have resembled the actual career of the other.

Angus MacEachan first made his residence with his family at a place in New Jersey called Kakiet, afterward known as "English Neighborhood," now Englewood. But having been annoyed by the Indians he removed to New York City, where, being a political refugee, he saw fit to change his name to McCartee. His son was Finlay MacEachan; and his son, Peter McCartee, grandfather of Divie Bethune McCartee, became one of the leather dealers of the locality called "the Swamp," and lived at 12 Jacob Street. He was a ruling elder in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Murray Street, under the pastorate of the distinguished Dr. John M. Mason, who also for awhile was Provost of Columbia College. The wife of this Peter McCartee was Mary McDowell, daughter of Sir James McDowell, surveyor of the colony of New Jersey.

The maternal grandfather of Divie Bethune McCartee was Divie Bethune, a native of Dingwall in Rosshire, Scotland, of Huguenot line, whose name was derived from a small town in Artois. "The Bethune line of Picardy" was an ancient family whose name, according to Chesne, "often occurs in the most glorious pages of French history since the

days of Hugh Capet." One of these, Conan de Bethune, led an army under Godfrey de Boulougne in the first crusade. Another was the celebrated Duke of Sully. When Henry the Fourth of France conformed to the Church of Rome, his minister, Maximilien de Bethune, Duc de Sully, maintained his own connection with the Protestant Church in which he was a ruling elder when he died. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes the Protestant branch of the Bethune family emigrated to England and Scotland. (See Histoire de la Maison de Bethune, 1636; also La France Protestante.)

Divie Bethune gave up a position under his elder brother in Jamaica, W. I., on account of his dislike for the form of African slavery prevailing there at that time. He settled in New York, taking a leading place among its merchants until his lamented death in 1824. His wife was Joanna, daughter of Dr. John Graham, a British army surgeon; and she was born at Fort Niagara. By a former wife Dr. Graham had two sons, both of whom were army officers and one of whom afterwards became Sir Samuel Graham, commander of Stirling Castle. Mrs. Isabella Graham, wife and widow of Dr. John Graham, and mother of Mrs. Divie Bethune, was founder of the first orphan asylum in the United States; and together with Divie and Joanna Bethune, was identified with the beginnings of organized charity and missionary effort in this country. Isabella (née Marshall) Graham was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1742, came to New York in 1789, and died there in 1814. While yet in Scotland she originated important charities. Her

biography and letters, published first in 1816, went through many editions in Great Britain, a London issue appearing as late as 1838. In America have been printed more than 50,000 copies, besides a biography of her daughter Joanna. The exalted faith and effective philanthropy of Isabella Graham have descended to the fourth and fifth generations of her children, and through them have been reproduced in the lives of many others.

Three children were born to Divie and Joanna Bethune. Their daughter, Jessie, was the mother of Divie Bethune McCartee. She was the author of several poems that were published and admired in the anthologies of her time. Another daughter, Isabella Graham Bethune, was the wife of the Rev. Dr. George Duffield (1795-1869) of Detroit, an early leader of the new school Presbyterian body. Her only daughter, another Isabella Graham, who died in 1888, was wife of the physician, Dr. Morse Stewart, of that city, and was a leading organizer of its public charities, a woman who exemplified in character and influence the best traditions of her lineage. Her brothers also are well and favorably known. The only son of Divie and Joanna Bethune was the Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D. (1805-1862) of Philadelphia and Brooklyn. He was a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed denomination, possessing eminent culture, eloquence and nobility of Christian character, greatly admired and loved as preacher, writer and man. His literary work includes a famous edition of Walton's Angler, showing on every page the editor's delight in nature and his rare learning in piscatorial

literature and art. His biography, by Dr. Van Nest, was issued in New York in 1867.*

With such an ancestry and in such a home Divie McCartee was from the beginning moved by missionary influence even when he was unaware. In 1895 he wrote to Dr. John Gillespie: "From my earliest years I have been familiar with and interested in foreign missions in Greenland, South Africa, India, Burmah and among our own Indians. The names of Henry Martyn, Vanderkemp, Schwartz—and of the Moravians in Greenland, were household words with us. One of my father's female parishioners died in Ceylon, after fifty years of service. The services on the setting out of Barr, who died of cholera before the ship sailed, were held in my father's church in New York in 1832. Sawyer, who died in Africa, and his wife, went from my father's church in Goshen, Orange County, N. Y. Divie Bethune was a foreign director of the London Missionary Society in 1812. One of his grandchildren was named Henry Martyn, another William Ward. Peter Dougherty, one of the first missionaries of the Presbyterian church to the Indians, was a theological student under my father, and went from his church. So you may believe me when I say that I felt more as if I were one of our missionary society than like one of its employes; and you may understand why, when I was asked to go to China (as Mr. William Rankin has related in his 'Handbook and Incidents') it cost me little deliber-

* This sketch of Dr. McCartee's ancestry is taken from an article by Henry W. Rankin in the *New York Observer*, October 30, 1902.

ation to decide. I knew old Dr. John Scudder personally, and was familiar with the medical missionary work of Dr. Peter Parker."

The autobiography which is included in this memorial tells the story of all but the closing period of Dr. McCartee's life. It will suffice here simply to say that he was appointed a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church and sailed for China in October, 1843. The following year he entered Ningpo as the first Protestant missionary. At a celebration in Tokyo in 1894 of the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival on the mission field Dr. McCartee spoke of the missionary conditions which prevailed in China when he arrived:

"When our mission was founded in Ningpo, besides the missionaries in Hong Kong and Amoy, there were at Shanghai, the veteran missionary and scholar Dr. W. H. Medhurst, and the Medical Missionary Lockhart, who still survives in London (both of them of the London Missionary Society); but save the score or more of converts at Hong Kong, mostly from Singapore and Malacca, and an old evangelist Ahgong who had been baptized by Dr. Milne, there were no Protestant Christians in China. Ah-poo, a native of Swatow, who had received some religious instruction in Siam from the Baptist missionaries there, and who had afterwards been faithfully taught by Mrs. Way, of whose infant son he was the 'bearer,' having given satisfactory evidence of conversion, was baptized by Mr. Way in the winter of 44-45. The first native of Ningpo, converted under and baptized by our mission was a boy in our boys' boarding school,

who was baptized in 1846. Mr. Lowrie had the joy of witnessing the baptism of Yuing Ko-Kuing; but he was spared the pain and disappointment caused us by his deflection and exclusion from the Church for more than forty years; and of all those of our mission who knew Ko-Kuing in those times only Mr. and Mrs. Way and myself survived to hear the joyful news that 'the wandering sheep' had been brought back to the fold, and that Yun Ko-Kuing had, after forty-three years of separation from the Christian Church, given satisfactory evidence of sincere repentance and a consistent Christian walk and conversation, and had been received again into the communion of the church at Ningpo."

Two able men who knew Dr. McCartee in Ningpo have borne testimony to his exceptional character and service. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, who before he moved to Peking for his great career there, was a colleague of Dr. McCartee at Ningpo, wrote of him:

"I never knew any man who combined in so high a degree the labors of an author, preacher, and medical practitioner. In the earlier days of the opening of the ports, his services as a physician were called for on all sides; not by missionaries and Chinese alone, but by the mercantile community and foreign shipping. In his versatility and untiring energy, he seems to have been made for a pioneer; while his long tenure of a consular post contributed much to his influence among the Chinese."

And the Rt. Rev. George E. Moule, one of the Anglican Bishops in China, wrote: "Taken all in all I suppose no missionary has more worthily upheld the

character of his profession. I have always regretted that missionaries should ever consent to accept a political appointment. Much, I know, may be said on the other hand. But Dr. McCartee's singleness of aim in all relations of life was so conspicuous, that his tenure of a consular office can have done nothing but raise the credit of Christianity, and American Christianity, in the eyes of both Mandarins and people. In those early days (1844-1858) access to the higher Mandarins was denied. I doubt, indeed, whether down to the time of the Taiping troubles (1861-2) the business brought up to English and American consulates, was not conducted through the agency of a petty officer called Yung-tung, inferior in rank to a Che-hien, or district magistrate, who himself is two grades below the Tao-tai, or Intendent, with whom almost exclusively Ningpo consuls now do business. But my recollection is that Dr. McCartee, through his medical skill, Chinese scholarship, and especially his character as a Christian gentleman, had won access to more than one or two of the wealthy and cultivated classes, living in and near Ningpo. If he had had something of the self-assertion which characterized some others, and less of the sense of humor which gave a charm to his conversation, he would have left a deeper mark upon the literature of missions and in the various fields of research. But my impression of him is that no one of my missionary acquaintances won, and retained to the last, a warmer or more respectful regard from his brethren of all denominations and from the Chinese of all ranks."

From 1844 until 1873 Dr. McCartee was a mis-

sionary in China. In 1855 the Board had requested him to visit Japan and to begin missionary work there, and he sought to cross over from Shanghai, but was unable to obtain passage on any vessel and had to resume his work in Ningpo. In 1873, however, as he tells in his autobiography, the opportunity came for him to settle in Japan in the service of the Japanese Department of Education as a member of the faculty of the school which became the Imperial University of Tokyo. Here he remained for four years, receiving at the end the following testimonial from the Government:

"It is five years since you accepted the position of Professor in the Tokio University. During that long time you have been most kind, earnest and untiring in giving instruction. Since the time I intrusted to your care both the Tokio Girls' Normal School and the Koishikawa Botanical Garden, you have faithfully attended and taken great trouble in regard to them. It is due to the valuable services which you have rendered in this capacity that they promise to attain a successful and brilliant future, with the result that I am satisfied and rejoiced.

"Although you terminate your engagement and leave Japan at your own desire, we feel that it is to our great regret and loss. I shall think of you in your separation from us as the star 'Shin' separated by a great distance in the heavens from the star 'Sho.' I believe the results of your labors will never disappear, but will remain as a lasting monument in this country.

"Taking the opportunity afforded by this parting

entertainment I beg to express to you my appreciation and acknowledgment by these few hearty words.

"(Signed) Tanaka-Fujimaro, Senior
Vice Minister of Education, Japan."

Dr. McCartee returned in 1877 to Shanghai in the Consular service of the United States, but he soon resigned from this service to go back to Japan as the Foreign Adviser to the Chinese Legation to Japan. In 1888 he resumed his connection with the Presbyterian Board and he ended his life as he had begun it in the missionary service of the Church. During these years he was busy as treasurer of the Mission, in teaching and writing, and especially from 1890 to his last illness in 1899, as Mr. Henry W. Rankin writes: "There was one labor never long out of his hands. It accompanied all his preparation of tracts. It was a work he felt ought certainly to be done and the sooner done the better. No one else appeared to be doing it and he felt it strongly laid upon himself that the time and call had come for him to undertake it. He did not talk about it. Probably few if any of his friends were aware how much it occupied his mind. In a general way it was understood that he was engaged upon it; and he believed it had the approval of his colleagues in the Mission. Indeed in his letters to the Board he always spoke of it as assigned to him by the Mission.

"For years before he made a formal beginning of this work, he had been interested in the matter of it, and doubtless he had accumulated notes. That he might be spared to finish it was his strong and last

desire. He regarded it as peculiarly his allotted task; and a noble and pathetic longing appears in his last letters, increasing with his growing infirmities, and as the time grew short, that he might complete it before his sun went down, namely, his "Critical and Exegetical Notes on the New Testament with Especial Reference to the Chinese Characters Used in the Present Protestant Version in Japanese." Another labor was added to this during his last two years, that of writing the "Reminiscences" of his missionary life; but it was not the "Reminiscences" that lay most upon his heart. On the last day of 1898, when he penned his last report, the completion of both these labors seemed at hand. In that report he wrote: 'I hope that both these tasks will have been completely ended in the course of a very few months.'

"Then his last illness came on, and his last journey to the United States. That journey had two aims; to make a final disposition of his affairs; and also, if possible, to gain a short new lease of life in which to finish his work. And for two objects he eagerly wished to go back again to Japan when a few months of improving health in San Francisco had encouraged him; for his wife's sake, who preferred to be in Japan; and once more for this work."

In 1898 he had written to the Board: "Since living in Japan I have been enjoying better health until two years ago, when I had the Grippe, which I have suffered from three winters in succession. I have thought of going to California to escape a winter; but I would prefer after the winter to go to New York or Philadelphia, where I still have a few surviving

relatives, or acquaintances (mostly scientific). In New York or Philadelphia I could work at the Revision of the Japanese translation of the New Testament, as requested by the Mission: on which I have already worked for some time and have accumulated a considerable amount of material. I am not a clergyman; but I have been familiar with the New Testament in Greek from my childhood and know enough of Hebrew to have translated from it the 'Lamentations of Jeremiah,' Drs. Culbertson and Bridgman having died, leaving that work unfinished. I had been elected one of the delegates at the same time with Dr. Culbertson in 1849 and did not (then) feel at liberty to leave my post at Ningpo; but (later) was requested by the Committee of our Mission at Shanghai to supply the deficiency, which I did (in 1863). I wrote and published, at my own expense, a Diatessaron of the Four Gospels in the Mandarin dialect, with tables, indexes, etc., etc., which went through two or three editions, and was much used until a complete Mandarin New Testament was brought out at Peking, under the auspices of the American Bible Society." And on Jan. 29, 1900, he wrote from San Francisco, declining an invitation to become an honorary member of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions: "I left in Japan important work assigned to me by the Mission, which I was obliged to leave unfinished, and which cannot be completed by any one except myself.—We have been about three months in San Francisco, and I am anxious to return and resume my work; for the time is short that remains to me. I earnestly hope to leave this country for Japan in

April, if it be the will of God, and I can make the necessary arrangements. I have now passed my 80th birthday and the night cometh when no man can work. I have rapidly improved within the last month and it encourages me to hope that I may resume and finish the work that was given me to do."

Finally, in the rough draft of a letter that was not sent, dated Jan. 25, 1900: "I passed my 80th birthday on the 13th inst. and have two tasks yet unfinished; viz.: 'Notes on some of the Chinese Characters used in the translation of the Bible into the Japanese (written) dialect,' and 'Reminiscences of my Missionary Life.' I have worked at both of these for a couple of years (at the first for many more) at the request of the Mission. It would be a pity that they should not be utilized."

But the long full life was near its end. He died at San Francisco in his eighty-first year on July 17, 1900, after fifty-six years of faithful service of the Far East and his work on the Chinese characters used in the Japanese version of the Bible was left undone. The "Reminiscences," however, were completed down to the year 1877. They are a delightful and simple account of his experiences in the richly various relations into which he was brought and they reveal his genial spirit, his kindness, his loyalty, his good sense, his strong individuality. They give a unique picture of the early years in the Orient, the beginnings of missionary life and of the contact of East and West, of the Taiping rebels and of early diplomatic relationships. With this brief introduction the "Reminiscences" tell the story of his life in the way in

which he would have it told. His own spelling of Chinese proper names has been preserved. Two brief concluding chapters are added, one by the Rev. Woh Cong-eng, a Chinese pastor of Ningpo, the other by Dr. David Murray, who knew him well in Japan.

One word should be added with regard to Mrs. McCartee. As Miss Joanna M. Knight she had gone out from New England in 1852 to help her sister, Mrs. Rankin, in the School at Ningpo. The following spring she and Dr. McCartee were married and she survived him more than ten years, dying in Englewood, New Jersey, December 31, 1920.

It was a delight to see them together in their old age, both so full of humor and wit and play, of rich and ample memories and of the brightest joy and hope. With both of them life was a long and noble service and at evening time it was light.

II

THE MAN AS HE REGARDED HIMSELF

Dr. McCartee's "Reminiscences."

THE MAN AS HE REGARDED HIMSELF

I

PREFATORY

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Mrs. Joanna Bethune, widow of Divie Bethune and mother of the Rev. Dr Bethune, of New York, who entered into her rest on Saturday afternoon, July 28th, 1860, aged 92 years, which appeared in the *New York Observer,* contains the following:

"In 1796 we find Mrs. Isabella Graham and Mr. and Mrs. Bethune uniting with numerous other Christians of New York in forming a society (the New York Missionary Society), to send missionaries among the Indians and settlers on the frontier. This was, it is believed, the first Missionary Society properly organized in this country, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. John Livingstone at its commencement was one of the publications which, by the Divine blessing, awakened to missionary zeal the young disciples, whose burning examples, and prayers under the shadow of the haystack at Williamstown led to the establishment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It is interesting to find Mrs. Graham recording in the following year (1798), the commencement of the first monthly missionary prayer meeting held in America, by a concert of the members of the Dutch, Presbyterian, and

Baptist Churches, which met in each other's houses of worship. . . . During the year 1807 Mr. Bethune and his very intimate friend, Mr. Robert Ralston, of Philadelphia, sympathizing with larger missionary views than were entertained generally in this country at that time, had made themselves directors of the London Missionary Society,—the only two such in the United States. In 1807, that society sent to this country (to avoid the French cruisers) the Rev. (then Mr.) Robert Morrison, the translator of the Bible, on his way to China, and the Rev. Messrs. Gordon and Lee, on their way to India."

In the story of the lives of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the Serampore missionaries, by John Clark Marshman, it is related that the Rev. William Ward, having received "a pressing invitation from the leading members of the Baptist community in America, of which he availed himself, was welcomed with enthusiasm in every circle; and men of all denominations vied with each other in their expressions of esteem for the man who, in conjunction with his two colleagues, had opened up the path of modern missions in the East. But it is due to the memory of the late Divie Bethune, of New York, to state that nowhere did Mr. Ward feel himself so completely at home, as in the bosom of his family, and from no individual did he receive more cordial support." (p. 208.) A life size oil portrait of Ward, painted by Jarvis, hung over Mr. Bethune's parlor mantel-piece for fifty years, until the home was broken up.

In another room in the Bethune house, there used to hang a large engraving of the landing of Captain

Wilson of the ship "Duff" and the first missionaries to Tahiti (or Otsheite, as it used to be called,) of which each of the Directors of the London Missionary Society received a copy. On one of the walls of the same room were engraved likenesses of the pioneer missionary in Africa, Dr. Vanderkemp, a colored drawing of Miss Vandyke, a female missionary in India, and on the shelves of the book case were always to be found the latest missionary pamphlets of the New York Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. These, with the memoirs of Price, Judson, Harriet Newell, and other missionary pioneers, were the Sunday reading of Mr. and Mrs. Bethune's grandchildren (of the McCartee family) who generally spent their Sunday afternoons at her house. Brought up under such influences, it is hardly surprising that one of those grandchildren should have gone to China and spent a long life as a medical missionary.

II

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

I HURRY through my school days, only noting a few points somewhat interesting, or serving as connecting links in my subsequent career. I was born in Philadelphia on January 13, 1820, where my father was pastor of the Dutch Associate Reformed Church in Spruce Street, removing three years later to his native city of New York.

At five years of age, I was sent to the school of M. S. Slocum, where, being the youngest, I used to be frequently sent into the girls' schoolroom to be taught my letters by the lady teacher, Miss Gillette, whom I had the pleasure to welcome to China twenty-six years afterwards. I remember quite distinctly the names and faces of several of the boys and girls in Slocum's school, but Dewitt C. Hays and his brother "little Jake Hays," more particularly, as they were sons of the then famous Jacob Hays, "High Constable" of the city, who used to walk with his staff of office in hand, in front of the aldermen, each with his official staff, in all the great processions of those days. Jacob Hays had a very great reputation as a detective, and it is said that when he appeared at the door of the dining room of a hotel where a defaulter or other criminal was sitting at his dinner, the latter always dropped his knife and fork.

At six years of age, I was sent to the High School, established by a philanthropic citizen, Dr. John Griscom, and at that time taught by a Mr. Monfredi. I remember still with indignation, the boy *monitors,* who used frequently to extort bribes from the smaller boys to keep from being reported.

In November, 1825, I remember gazing at the grand procession in honor of the opening of the Erie Canal. The most striking features of the procession were to me the Masonic paraphernalia, (this was before the abduction of Morgan), and a huge open Bible which was carried on a stage or platform, followed by the clergy in a body. In 1826 we celebrated the semi-centennial anniversary of the declaration of Independence of the United States. I enjoyed it immensely, but was reminded that little boys were not free and independent citizens, by catching a whipping for going out to Canal Street "to see the soldiers," after I had been enjoined to stay in doors until my father returned home.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-six was also the year when negro slavery was abolished in New York, and the 5th of July was thereafter celebrated annually by the colored population for many years.

In 1827 my father, with his family, removed to No. 3 Bank Street, in what was then called Greenwich Village. Bank Street was then the last graded street in that part of the city, and terminated at the foot of our garden, on the riverside. While we were living in Greenwich Village, I attended a school for boys and girls, where I learned little except mental arithmetic. I was quickly among the foremost scholars in Col-

burn's Mental Arithmetic, although I never took a liking to Colburn's Sequel, or to any other book on arithmetic, until I realized the use of them afterwards, when I was engaged in practical or professional studies. Among my schoolmates was Thomas Cauley Cooper, who was afterwards my classmate in Columbia College, and whom I still remember with warm regard. My school teacher, Mr. Levi Kidder, did not know what books I ought to study which went beyond the "Three R's," but in the winter of 1829, a course of lectures on chemistry and natural philosophy were advertised to be delivered by a Scotch professor named Steele in the public school building at the corner of Grove and Hudson Streets, on Saturday evenings, and my father purchased a ticket for me. I attended every one of the lectures and took great interest in them; and as they continued until the summer, I used, after we had removed to No. 3 Laight Street, to walk up to the lectures and back every Saturday night, and never missed one. These lectures were, of course, comparatively rudimentary, but they exercised a greater influence upon my subsequent career in life than almost any instruction I ever enjoyed. From that time I commenced to make "experiments" in practical chemistry, to collect geological specimens, and to investigate the animals and plants of Manhattan Island, *i. e.*, the Island of New York.

My father used to take his family into the country to spend the August vacation every summer, never twice to the same place. Once (in 1827) he took me, with his horse and gig, on a trip through the eastern

part of New York State. We put our horse and gig on the steamship "Swiftsure," and ourselves were accommodated in the "safety barge," "Lady Clinton." There was another "safety barge," the "Lady Van Renstaer." Each steamboat had in its bow a small brass cannon, and when the two ladies met, each saluted the other. Safety being the object, swiftness was a secondary matter; so leaving New York at 9 A. M. we reached Albany about 2 A. M. From Albany we went to Johntown, Saratoga, Salem, Glens Falls, and Fort Miller, visiting the MacEachans and other relatives, and returned to Albany via Waterford and Troy, and thence to New York.

Notwithstanding my early religious training, and the faithfulness with which my mother taught me my catechism, and the regularity with which daily family prayers and a special exercise for all the members of the family, to the very youngest, on Sunday afternoon or evening were conducted, I grew to manhood with very little regard for faith in practical religion. My regard and affection for my mother and sisters would not allow me to let them go unescorted to the weekly evening prayer meeting, but I took no interest in and paid little heed to the exercises. I was, however, fond of the history of theological polemics, and as my father had a good library, I read a great deal of controversial religious literature. In January, 1841, I made a profession of religion at Port Carbon, Pa., my views and feelings having undergone a change while trying to comfort a friend who was thought to be dying, and who was in great distress of mind.

I was quick at Greek and Latin, and fond of geol-

ogy, mineralogy, and natural history, and at fourteen the professor of Greek in Columbia College offered to admit me into the sophomore class, but I preferred to enter the freshman class, several of the members of which had been my schoolmates previously. I, however, did not wish to go to college at all, the ancient languages and mathematics being almost the only branches of learning taught there, and I proposed to my father to let me study the modern languages and the natural sciences; but it was only after I had finished the junior year, that he consented to my doing so, and then he insisted on my learning a profession. I chose the profession of medicine, and leaving New York spent a good part of four years in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, studying geology in the coal mines, and assisting my medical teacher, Dr. Pratt, in his practice. Having read a good many medical works and witnessed some surgical operations, I was soon trusted to visit the old doctor's patients among the miners' families, and among the Dutch speaking natives. The falls and winters I spent in the Pennsylvania University and attending the clinics at the Pennsylvania and Blockley Hospitals, and having passed my examinations with some distinction, I received my diploma of M.D., April 1st, 1840, and at the same time a spontaneous and unanimous recommendation for the post of assistant physician at the Blockley Hospital, which, however, it was not convenient for me to accept.

The mining population of Schuylkill County had already begun to show signs of lawlessness and violence, that afterwards culminated in the excesses and

murders committed by the "Molly Maguires," and my father was unwilling that I should remain long in the coal regions. I made a visit to Detroit, where, at the house of the Rev. Dr. Duffield, the husband of my mother's sister, Isabella Graham Duffield, I fell ill of "congestive fever," and for a while was hardly expected to recover, and when I did recover, there being no railroads between Detroit and New York, and the Lakes being frozen, I was obliged to remain until April, and enjoyed greatly a revival of religion among the young people in Dr. Duffield's church. When I reached Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., my father was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. Here I took part in organizing prayer meetings among the young people, and became acquainted with Mr. Walsh, afterwards one of our missionaries in India, and with the Rev. Daniel Wells, then the treasurer of our Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and through him with the Hon. Walter Lowrie, then Secretary of the Board.

Just about that time, in the Missionary Magazine of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions appeared a very urgent appeal for a missionary physician. The "call" seemed to be to any Christian physician (to go to Hawaii) who *could* go, and as I was then without any excuse I started for New York to see the secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. on the subject. My relatives did not think I had a physical constitution sufficiently strong for such work, but hearing that I had been thinking of becoming a medical missionary, Mr. Walsh invited me to talk with him and the Hon. W. Lowrie on the subject.

Mr. Lowrie said that they had within a year sent out a medical missionary to Siam, but that he had felt obliged to give up the attempt to go to Bangkok, and had stopped in Singapore, on account of the trying nature of the climate in Siam. He did not urge *me* to try it, nor did I think that he judged me to be a suitable person to be sent out. But I think that Mr. Daniel Wells, the treasurer, must have spoken a word of recommendation, for afterwards Mr. Lowrie himself came and asked me to go to China. The Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. seemed also not very anxious to have his Board appoint a medical missionary just then, and I got the impression that he considered the appeal which I had seen only one of the calls for "more laborers," which some missionaries seem to think they must send out from time to time in obedience to the Lord of the Harvest, without reference to the "whiteness" or otherwise of the field.

On my way back to Philadelphia I stopped at Princeton to attend the college commencement at which a young man was to graduate whose parents were members of my father's church in Goshen, and to visit some young men who were students in the theological seminary who had made a profession of their faith in Christ during the revival in my father's church in Goshen, to which I have alluded, and to whom I had given at my father's request some instruction in Hebrew and New Testament Greek. Here I met Messrs. Loomis and Culbertson, and the lady whom the latter afterwards took to China as his wife, who were then boarding at the house of Mrs. Wells, and also the latter's son, later the Rev. John

D. Wells, D.D., president of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Going to Philadelphia, I took a post-graduate course in medicine, and used to work in the wards of the Blockley Hospital and cross the Schuylkill River in a skiff with Elisha Kane, afterwards a surgeon in the United States Navy who became famous as an Arctic explorer. We had been born in the same town in the same month of the same year, though he was a couple of years my junior in the University.

Various circumstances led to my becoming intimate with Dr. W. W. Gerhard, assistant professor of the practice of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, who was impressed with the large amount of medical scientific works I had read, and offered me a junior partnership with himself and Dr. W. Poyntell Johnson, my principal work being to teach advanced medical students. At this time I first met Dr. William Speer, afterwards a missionary in China and San Francisco, who introduced me to the Rev. A. P. Happer who I was surprised to learn was a student at Dr. Gerhard's office, where I afterwards saw him.

My medical and surgical practice among the collieries and the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers was of great benefit to me after I became a physician on the foreign mission field. There were very many accidents happening in the mines, and the practising physicians in Pottsville left the treatment of them to Dr. Pratt, who was a fearless surgeon, and also exceedingly popular as a family physician, but his office was also in Pottsville, and, in consequence, a large number of cases fell under my care owing to the

urgency of the cases and the distance of "the old Doctor's" place of residence. Then among the Dutch families there were many who spoke no English, and the old doctor would not try to learn to speak "Dutch." I got Follen's German Grammar and learned the dialogues in it, and then found it a not very difficult task to understand and to make myself understood by the patients, so that in the intervals between the courses of medical lectures (*i. e.*, between March and October of each year,) I had the care and responsibility of a large number of cases; and no objection was made by the patients to my youthfulness. The family practice in Pennsylvania made me feel quite at home in practising among missionary families on the foreign field, and gave the missionaries confidence and gained me many warm friends. Learning to speak Pennsylvania Dutch also gave me some ideas as to the best method of how to learn to speak the Chinese and Japanese languages. It was like what mechanics call "getting the use of tools."

III

CALL TO CHINA

WHEN the news reached the United States that a treaty between China and Great Britain had been concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger at Nanking, on August 29th, 1842, and ratified by the Emperor of China in September of the same year, the idea of going as a medical missionary to China at once suggested itself to my mind; but as I heard nothing leading me to suppose that the Churches were thinking of sending missionaries to the newly opened ports, I said nothing to my friends, lest I should appear fickle or disposed to give up the plans upon which I had just entered. I was then compiling, at the request of a firm of medical publishers, a Manual of Examinations for medical students, and there was some talk of my going across the Atlantic to look into the practice in one or more of the hospitals there.

When the general assembly had commenced its meeting in Philadelphia, in June, 1843, I met the Rev. Dr. Krebs, an old personal friend, in the street, and asked him if our Board of Foreign Missions was going to do anything for China, now that it had been partially thrown open. He replied: "Yes, if we can raise twenty-five thousand dollars." That was rather discouraging, to say the least, for Mission Boards did

not then often raise that amount of money on a short notice. But a few days afterwards, I had gone in to look at the meeting of the General Assembly in Dr. MacDowell's Church in Eighth Street, and was coming away, when some one put his hand upon my shoulder. Turning around, I saw the Hon. Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, who asked me what I was doing, and I told him. He then said: "When will that book be finished?" I told him that I was under contract to have it finished by November. He asked, "Couldn't you get rid of it?" I answered with some surprise that I had no doubt that there were young doctors who would be glad of the job; "but what is it that you want of me?" said I. "Want you to go to China; and you will have no time to spare," said he. I asked him when they wished me to go. He said, "By the first of October." "Well," said I, "I must first get my father's and my mother's consent." I immediately wrote to my parents, but got no reply until the latter part of August.

When passing through New York on my way to Goshen, I called at the Mission Rooms, at 23 Centre Street, where I met Mr. William Steele, the old senior elder in my father's church in Canal Street, who used to hear my catechism when I was a child. He told me that my parents would offer no opposition to my going to China, as proposed. Mr. Lowrie told me to write out my application for appointment and send it in, saying, "It will be granted." The majority of the members of the Executive Committee had known me from my early childhood, some of them

having been my father's college classmates, or his co-presbyters, and I had become acquainted with the Rev. Daniel Wells, at the bedside of his sick brother-in-law, and during the revival in my father's church in Goshen; so I suppose my appointment had been thoroughly talked over by them.

I myself had some uneasiness as to whether my spiritual attainments were such as a missionary ought to have, and I put the question to the Secretary, who answered me in the affirmative. (I have often asked myself the question since, but I have always been confident that my motives were pure and my intentions right, whatever might be my imperfections.) It did not occur to me to ask any questions as to salary, outfit, etc., but I merely handed in a list of medicines which I thought I should need. I had a small stock of surgical instruments of my own, which I had used in my practice among the miners in Pennsylvania, and my grandmother gave me a sum of money to purchase any more I might require.

Before I left for China, my mother told me that when Dr. Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, was a guest at her father's for several weeks in 1807, awaiting the sailing of some American vessel for China, (for the Hon. East India Company would not allow Christian missionaries to be carried in their ships,) she was a very young girl, and felt badly because she could not go too, "but now," she said, "you are going in my place."

A number of years later, in making an address in Elizabeth, N. J., at the request of the venerable Mrs. Doremus, the founder of the Women's Union Mis-

sionary Society, I repeated this story about my mother, and told the ladies that in China I had known of cases where, on account of severe illness, a mother had made a vow that she would offer incense and worship in every temple in the city, but that her filial son, to save his mother from undergoing the fatigue had gone *in her place,* and paid the worship in every temple according to his mother's vow; and now that my mother had said that I was going *in her place,* I thought they might consider me, in some respects, at least, a female missionary.

On the first Sunday in October, 1843, at our home in Goshen where I had gone to spend a fortnight, my father asked me just before church time: "When will your ship sail?" I replied: "I shall have to go to New York to-morrow." He immediately left the room and went to speak to my mother. After the morning service, my father gave out notice that one of the members of the church expected to leave the next day on a mission to China; and he invited all who were interested to the monthly concert of prayer for missions, to be held in the evening. The church was pretty well filled. The next morning my father kept himself very busy until the time for starting drew near, when my mother got up, and putting her arms round my neck for a moment, left the room without a word. I never saw her face again. She used to write to me very frequently until her hand became paralyzed and she could write no longer. On the 18th of February, 1855, she lay speechless, all her ten children around her, save myself. She looked earnestly at them one after another, but seemed as if

still unsatisfied, and fixed her eyes upon a vase which I had sent her from China. One of my sisters went and brought my daguerreotype, at which she gazed earnestly, and then with an expression of satisfaction, closed her eyes to open them in the brighter world where the inhabitants shall say no more, "I am sick."

Just before leaving Goshen, I called to bid good-bye to a clergyman with whom my father was on intimate terms and for whom I had great respect, and when bidding him good-bye, said: "I do not suppose that I shall be able to do anything for you in China, but if there should be, it would give me great pleasure to do it." In replying he said, "If you should meet a young man on that side of the world, named William P. G——, I wish you would try and do him all the good you can." Of course I promised to do so, but did not have much expectation of ever seeing him.

IV

THE SHIP "HUNTRESS"

THE sailing of the "Huntress" was put off until Friday. There was a small farewell meeting at the Mission Rooms, at which were present some of the Executive Committee, Mr. D. W. C. Olyphant, one of the owners of the ship "Huntress," my father and younger brother, Peter McCartee, my cousin, the Rev. George Duffield, Jr., and my uncle, the Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D. My father and brother, an uncle and aunt Sherwood, and young Mr. Robert M. Olyphant, went with us in the ship down the bay until we cast off the tow line, and the tug returned to the city, leaving us to go on our voyage. This was a bright, cool afternoon, October 6th, 1843.

The ship "Huntress" was an old-fashioned, full rigged vessel, not very large, nor a very swift sailer, but very comfortable. She belonged to the firm of Talbot, Olyphant, and Co., of New York and Canton, China, one of the senior partners of which, Mr. D. W. C. Olyphant, was a member of the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Missionary Board. This was a firm that had named one of their ships the "Morrison," and in 1837 had sent her to Japan, at an expense of $2,000, to attempt to restore to their native land seven shipwrecked Japanese. (I shall have oc-

casion to refer again to this expedition when I come to speak of Japan.) The "Huntress" herself was regarded as a kind of missionary ship, as she carried, first and last, to and from China, free of charge, some forty or more missionaries, English as well as Americans. Mrs. C. W. King, (one of the party on board the "Morrison" on the trip to Japan in 1837,) the wife of Charles W. King, Esq., head of the firm in Canton, and Frederic King, his brother, who had also spent a year or two in Canton, were our fellow passengers. Everything that could conduce to our comfort was lavishly provided; and when after one hundred and forty-six days we left the ship at Hong Kong, we carried with us only the most pleasant memories of our voyage.

Among our other passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cole and Gea Gek, a Cochin-Chinese who had been ransomed and brought back to the United States by one of the missionaries, and who had afterwards learned something about the art of printing from Mr. Cole while the latter was working at the Mission Rooms upon the Chinese matrices and type for the Mission Press in China. Our Secretary, the Hon. Walter Lowrie, had told me that his son, the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, who sailed for Singapore in the preceding year, and I were to go together to Ningpo; and that Gea Gek would act as an interpreter for us! So little was then known of the spoken languages of the East, even by those who, like the Hon. Walter Lowrie, had paid some attention to the Chinese written languages, that those who had never been in China seemed to suppose that all the countries east of Bur-

mah spoke the same dialect. I reached Ningpo two years before Gea Gek did, and had to be interpreter for him, as well as for Mr. Walter M. Lowrie in 1845.

Captain Lovett of the "Huntress" was a very genial man and a very careful ship-captain. He became a professing Christian before his death many years afterwards. The first mate, Mr. David Gillespie, (later Captain Gillespie, of Morristown, N. J., and for many years one of the Trustees of the American Seamen's Friend Society), was a pious man, and three of the able seamen were also professing Christians. There were, including officers, crew, and passengers, twenty-six souls in all on board our ship; we had also a cow, which gave us milk all the way to China, a goat, sheep, fowls, and a hawksbill turtle which remained on board from a previous voyage.

All the passengers were sea-sick for the first twenty-four hours after leaving Sandy Hook, but I got on deck and to dinner in the course of the first forty-eight hours. On Monday morning young Mr. King made his appearance, but the other passengers not until the fifth or sixth day. As soon as we had all recovered our usual health, we commenced to have evening worship in the cabin, conducted by Mr. Cole, Mr. Bridgman, and myself in turns. All of the passengers attended, and also the captain or Mr. Gillespie, and on Sunday we had a service and a sermon read by one of us, held in the cuddy, to which all the crew who were not actually on duty were invited, and most of them came.

I was up betimes and on deck every morning and soon selected as my retreat the mizzen-top, which in

our small ship was not very high up from the poop deck, and there as a rule, with my book, I spent every pleasant morning, out of reach of all discomfort from the washing down of decks and the like. Finding that Mr. Gillespie had an old quadrant which he had given up using, I borrowed it, and after that I always took the sun and calculated the latitude, and noted the time by the chronometer for the Captain when he took his forenoon observation. I generally worked the longitude also. Captain Lovett, finding that I took an interest in such things, handed over to me four boys who were to show me their lessons in navigation. This experience was useful to me thirteen years afterwards on the voyage home from China of the ship "Wild Pigeon." The Captain had lost his first mate, and his second mate being only an ordinary seaman, was no navigator. Finding me working out the problems in a book of navigation on a new plan, the captain asked me to compare results with him while he worked in the way in which he had been accustomed, *i. e.*, according to Bowditch. When we met the U. S. S. "Falmouth," not far from Fernando de Noronha near the equator, he was asked for his latitude and longitude, which he had not worked out, and he was obliged to make use of mine.

When we were in the region of the calms, in the Atlantic, one of the Christian seamen, "Old Tom," fell from aloft into the sea, fracturing his skull by striking upon the rail, and we watched him sinking until he sank out of sight. A boat was, of course, lowered, but poor Tom's body was not recovered. A shark hook baited with a piece of pork was towing

astern, as a shark had been swimming around the ship, and had made a snap at "Old Tom's" cap, which was floating on the surface of the water, but he did not seem to notice the body. A couple of hours or so after this the shark swallowed the baited hook, and was quickly hauled up and run forward on the main deck, snapping at every one who came near. The men called out for the doctor to open the shark's maw, as they did not like to do so, because there could be felt something like a man's arm inside the shark. I cut open the shark and found a "heaver," or stick of wood, which some one had thrust into the shark's mouth, and had forgotten. I found that the shark was one of the viviparous variety and took out of her four living young sharks ten to fifteen inches long, which we kept alive in a tub of water for several days. When we were in the warm waters of the Indian Ocean, not far from the Island of Java, Mr. King, Mr. Bridgman, and I used to take warm baths by standing below the bowsprit, and dipping up the warm sea water and pouring it one over another alternately. One morning we thought we would vary our mode of bathing by taking a swim in the ocean, but were kept from doing so by a remark from the captain. We had hardly sat down to breakfast, when the cry of "Shark O" was raised, and the crew succeeded after two attempts, in hooking and hauling on board the biggest, fiercest, and most voracious shark that I ever saw, of quite a different species from the one we had caught in the Atlantic Ocean. We were quite *satisfied*, to say the least, that we had not carried out our proposed swim.

Being fond of natural history I dissected quite a number of porpoises, and was much interested in noticing the strong resemblance between the internal organs including the lungs and brain of the ocean or acquatic mammalia with those of the terrestrial mammals that I had dissected. Some of us, including some of the crew, tried the flavour of porpoise meat, but as even the crew got at least one mess of fresh meat every time that a sheep or a pig was killed, no one seemed to "call for more" porpoise, after the first trial. I noticed that, after passing the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope, the porpoises were of a different color from those which we saw in the Atlantic, and had also a dorsal fin, which the beaked porpoises of the Atlantic had not. We caught also bonito, or tunny, (resembling, but smaller in size than the Japanese *maguro*,) and dolphins. In the Sargasso Sea, the ship being almost stationary, I collected gulf weed, with small crustaceans, squid, etc., and after passing "The Cape" caught several albatrosses, one of them a splendid white specimen whose wings had a stretch or span of more than six feet, and whose majestic soaring, without the least perceptible effort, created in me such an admiration that I felt sorry while I was stuffing its skin that I had killed it. I also kept a regular meteorological journal, in which I entered every four hours the courses sailed, the winds, clouds, temperature, etc., during the day and night. I moreover kept a journal of events which I sent home to my father and mother, and with these, together with my navigation class of boys, it may be easily seen

that time did not hang heavy on my hands during that very long voyage.

The sudden death of poor old Tom had a very solemn effect upon us all, and I took advantage of the feeling that had been produced to get my class of boys to join a Bible class held every Sunday afternoon in the steerage (or "between decks,") which was nearly or quite empty of cargo, as frequently happened in those days of "tea ships." Two were half grown young men, who had made several voyages, and were intelligent and well-behaved. Two of the "boys" were the sons of clergymen. One of them seemed for a while to be interested in the subject of his own salvation, and all the members of the Bible class were apparently interested in the study of the Bible. The older men among the crew except the two remaining Christians were apparently without any relish for such things and never came to the Sunday service in the cabin. One of the oldest seamen I frequently chatted with at night when I had gone on deck to take meteorological observations for the journal which I was keeping to send home. He had some grievance against some professing Christians, and was very severe in his remarks upon the inconsistency of many Christians. I told him that I thought that we could not do better to change that state of things than ourselves to set a good example. Before we reached Hong Kong, the boys told me that "Old Bill" had "knocked off" swearing and taken to reading the Bible. I asked him about it and he acknowledged that his feelings had undergone a change and that he was determined henceforth to

lead a different life. When I said good-bye to him and expressed my hope that he might have grace given him to persevere in his resolution henceforth to serve God, he answered hopefully and cheerfully that he would endeavor to do so.

After leaving New York we did not sight the Island of St. Paul in the Atlantic to the north of the equator, although the captain went up aloft to look out for it, but we sighted Martinyas and Trinidad south of the equator, off the coast of Brazil; neither did we sight Tristan da Cunha near the Cape of Good Hope, but we sighted another Island of St. Paul in the southeastern part of the Indian Ocean, and missed seeing Sandalwood Island. As we knew that the northerly monsoon was blowing in the China Sea (in January), we did not try to enter the Straits of Sunda this voyage, but kept farther to the eastward, the first land we saw being the Island of Sumbawa, to the east of Java, with its volcano rising like a cone, and blazing brightly, which is passed in going through the Straits of Timor; and through the Banda Sea, passing near enough the Island of Amblau and Bouro to smell the literally "spicy breezes,"—by which our goat seemed quite excited.

Shortly after passing through the Straits of Timor we experienced several shocks of earthquake. The first was early in the morning, and gave us a sensation as if the ship had touched the bottom, and another shock while we were at our midday meal, made the glasses in the pantry rattle. I was sitting close to the marine barometer, and jumped up to see if it were affected, and then ran up on deck, to look over

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the side of the ship to see if the water showed any effects of the earthquake, but none were visible. The captain had apparently never felt such an earthquake shock before, and thought I showed great *irreverence,* so to speak. The ship drifted slowly through the different passages, taking advantage of the frequent squalls to get a little on our way. We did not go out through the Gibolo Straits, where we saw the U. S. frigate " Brandywine " lying at anchor, with the Hon. Caleb Cushing, the first representative of the United States to China, on board, but kept on to the eastward and out through the Dampier's Strait between Papua and the Island of Waigin, (where afterwards Wallace, the naturalist, made his explorations,) into the Pacific Ocean, when we changed our course to the northward. We were becalmed several days within sight of Papua, but after we got a favoring breeze, we saw no more land until we came to the Bashee Straits to the southward of Formosa on Sunday, the 18th of February, entered the China Sea, and the next morning sighted Pedro Blanco and then the Island of Hong Kong.

V

ARRIVAL AT HONG KONG

I CAN well recall the bright sunny day, the 19th of February, 1844, when the good ship "Huntress," after a long but pleasant voyage of 146 days, dropped anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong. English men-of-war and merchantmen, American clipper ships, and clumsy Chinese junks formed a strange but interesting feature of the scene. It was the second day of the Chinese New Year. The smaller junks with their mat sails, the little "tanka" (egg-shaped boats), plying between the ships and the shore, and sculled by barefooted women clad in jackets and trousers, with long queues hanging down behind, (and perhaps a baby strapped upon their backs), the clashing of almost innumerable gongs, the firing or fire crackers, kept up an incessant and bewildering din; while on the land, procession after procession with gorgeous banners and long dragons carried upon poles by twenty or more men, with the firing of "double headers," and now and then of small cannon and match-locks, all combined to make up an assemblage of sights and sounds such as one newly arrived from the Western world would hardly be likely ever to forget.

Hong Kong, at that time, gave little promise of being what it has since become, one of the best known

and most important of Great Britain's possessions, with its splendid land-locked harbor, its numerous handsome buildings, the palatial establishments of merchant princes, its beautiful botanic gardens, and its well-built streets crowded with a bustling throng made up of people of almost every nation and tribe under heaven, speaking discordant languages, and dressed in almost every kind of garb.

At that time the sides of the hills were ragged with excavations. Streets or building sites were being dug out; huge round masses, ("boulders," as the unlearned call them) of syenite or basalt lay here and there, to the uncovering and disintegration of which was then attributed the great mortality that prevailed among the Europeans and East Indian residents. With the exception of the residence of the Chief Justice of the Colony, the Morrison School taught by the Rev. S. R. Brown, afterwards one of the pioneer missionaries to Japan, the London Mission's Hospital under Dr. Benjamin Hobson, (these two side by side upon one of the smaller hills), and the mercantile establishment of Messrs. Jardine and Matheson at East Point, European buildings were few and interspersed promiscuously with mud houses and mat sheds.

The Rev. W. M. Lowrie was at Macao. Mr. Lowrie, like Dr. Hepburn, had been originally sent to Singapore, in endeavoring to reach which port his ship struck upon a shoal in the China Sea, and several of the crew perished. Mr. Lowrie and twenty others crowded into one boat, after a very perilous experience in a violent storm, finally succeeded in

reaching one of the Philippine Islands, from whence he reached Manila in an open boat, and thence again reached Hong Kong. There he heard that a printer with his wife was being sent out from New York, with a printing press and a font of moveable type; and that a medical missionary, with whom he was instructed to proceed to Ningpo and commence a new mission among the Chinese of that region was to come by the same vessel. It was the practice in those days to rate medical missionaries, missionaries' wives, missionary printers, farmers, etc., as *assistant* missionaries, and to put their names at the foot of the list at any station. When I reached China, Mr. Lowrie was, as I have said, at Macao awaiting our arrival, and was residing with Mr. S. Wells Williams.

Hong Kong is one of the largest of a group of numerous islands lying at the mouth of the Pearl River (upon which is situated the provincial capital, Kwang-chow, best known to foreigners by the Portuguese pronunciation of Canton), to which latter place the trade between the maritime nations of the West and the Chinese Empire had been restricted for more than 200 years. The Island of Hong Kong consists mainly of a ridge of rocky hills culminating in six principal peaks rising from the shores of the bay by steep ascent to the height of from 1000 to 1800 feet, and intersected by narrow fertile ravines and valleys abounding in a profusion of tropical and semi-tropical trees and other plants, the investigation of which for many years afforded abundant materials for the labors of more than one distinguished botanist.

As soon as Mr. Lowrie heard of our arrival at

Hong Kong, he came over to meet and welcome us. We had been spending two or three days very pleasantly at the home of the Rev. Dyer Ball, M.D., of the A. B. C. F. M., with whom was then living the Rev. E. C. Bridgman, D.D., of the same Board. We had also made the acquaintance of Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, and his wife, the Baptist missionaries, and the Rev. S. R. Brown, then principal of the Morrison Educational Society's school.

Dr. Legge has since that time become much more widely known as the Professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, in England, and as the translator of the Chinese Classics, and the author of several learned books. Dr. Ball had in his premises a number of Chinese type cutters and printers, and morning prayers were conducted in Chinese, which we also attended, and for the first time heard the Chinese language spoken. He had also a medical dispensary, which I attended with much interest. We visited the markets, saw the military barracks and public buildings which were unpretentious and even shabby.

VI

VISIT TO MACAO

AS soon as possible after the arrival of Mr. Lowrie, we had our trunks and boxes transhipped from the "Huntress" to a Chinese "fast-boat," which was fitted either for sailing or for being propelled by sculling. It was a mild, calm night, and, as the passage between the islands often proved a lurking place for petty pirates, the boatmen kept up their sculling incessantly without the song that they generally use in most parts of China, to keep time together. For the same reason also, Mr. Lowrie, Mr. Cole, and myself kept "watch" turn and turn about, through the night. The appearance of the islands in the moonlight, and the constant ripple of the tide against the sides of the boat were very pleasant and soothing. We arrived safely at Macao, had all our belongings passed through the Portuguese Custom House, and took up our residence with Messrs. Lowrie and S. Wells Williams, in a large one-storied house opposite to the Custom House, surrounded with a beautiful garden, terraced up to the top of the hill, and planted with luscious tropical fruits and fragrant trees. The next morning, although the breakfast was simply neat and nourishing, we, like very many newly-arrived missionaries, were disposed to feel disappointed that there did not seem to be any *hardships*

in the missionary life, in that part of the missionary field at least.

Macao is a Portuguese settlement dating back to A. D. 1557, situated on the most southwestern extremity of the large island of Hiang-Shan, at the mouth of the Pearl River, about forty miles west of Hong Kong. The settlement is a walled and fortified city, much smaller than Hong Kong, and, like that place, very rocky. It was, in 1844, a beautiful place, with picturesque old churches and convents, beautiful terraced gardens filled with tropical fruit trees, a *praya,* or *plaza,* as the Spanish call it, facing the sea, and a line of elegant buildings, recalling, according to some travellers, the view of the Bay of Naples. At the time I speak of, Hong Kong was as yet too rough and unhealthy a place for families to reside in; and ladies were not yet permitted to live in Canton; so that the families of foreign merchants congregated in beautiful Macao; forming a most delightful society, to which Mr. Lowrie acted as pastor, preaching outside the walls of the city. Close by was the foreign cemetery, where I saw the slab that covers the remains of Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China. A tall cotton tree stretched its branches over the tomb, and had almost covered it with its handsome crimson flowers. The graves of other foreign residents who had died in Macao were in the same enclosure. This is usual in Roman Catholic countries, with regard to those whom they consider heretics. I have been frequently reminded of Heb. xiii, 13, that "Jesus suffered without the gate. Let us go therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach."

Not far off, also without the walls, was the "Lazar," or leper hospital, where I embraced the opportunity to study that terrible disease, which is quite common in Canton, or rather in its neighbourhood; for the lepers live quite by themselves. There was no one to interpret for me, and so I could not gain as much information from the sufferers themselves, as if I had understood Portuguese or Cantonese; but I spent some time in examining the disease in all the different stages of its progress, and gained such familiarity with its appearances as enabled me to understand it better than I could otherwise have done from what I had simply read upon the subject.

On enquiry I found that no attempt was being made to do missionary work among the large Cantonese population of Macao. I suppose it would not have been allowed by the Portuguese authorities. The Rev. William Milne, Dr. Morrison's first colleague, was not allowed to remain with his family at Macao, and was obliged to go to Malacca, where he laboured until his death. About seventy persons were baptized while the Mission remained at Malacca, of whom three or four became preachers. Two or three of Mr. Milne's tracts, such as "The Two Friends," on "The Soul," and a "Commentary on the Ephesians," were excellent, and very useful to us during the early days of our Mission, after the opening of the treaty ports in China, in 1844-1846. The Mission was removed to Hong Kong in 1844. Dr. S. Wells Williams, not being a clergyman, and being at that time unmarried, was allowed to live in Macao. He there took advantage of the presence of a number of shipwrecked

Japanese who had been brought to China, and whom Messrs. Talbot, Olyphant and Co. attempted unsuccessfully to send back to Japan in their ship the "Morrison," to acquire some knowledge of the Japanese language; and between Dr. Williams and Dr. Gutzlaff the books of Genesis and Matthew and the Gospel and Epistles of John, were translated into Japanese for their instruction. (See Chinese Missionary Recorder in 1876, quoted in the life of Peter Parker, M.D.)

The rapid development of Hong Kong, in a very few years drew away from Macao the foreign trade, as well as the foreign families; and the place after a while degenerated into the headquarters of the infamous "coolie trade."

The "Huntress" having gone up to Whampoa, an anchorage upon the Pearl River, several miles below the city of Canton, and taken in a cargo of tea for New York, came down to Macao, and anchored in the "roads" for a few hours. The Captain came on shore in his gig, and finding that his boat's crew were all or mostly members of my Bible class I selected a number of religious works and put their names in them as mementoes of our voyage together. I wanted to send one also to "Old Bill." I asked the boys, but they knew no other name for him but "Old Bill," or "the gunner," (because he had only one eye, having lost the other we knew not how); so I waited until Captain Lovett came down to the boat, and then asked, "Captain, what is Old Bill's name?" He replied, "His name is *William P. G*——.* His uncle had

* See page 43.

spoken of him to me as a "young man." Doubtless he was younger than his pious uncle, but according to his own account he had led a very adventurous and rough kind of life, had lost one eye, and had a very weather-beaten appearance. His uncle would hardly have recognized him, but evidently still yearned over and prayed for him. I never met again either the uncle or the nephew, but have a strong hope that if they ever met, they would be able to rejoice together in a good hope in Christ.

At the time I was in Macao many robberies took place. In many cases the robbers were supposed to be petty pirates, who attacked foreigners who were taking their evening walk on the campo outside of the gate of the city towards the Bahia da Casilha, and by a narrow crooked path between the hills to the eastern extremity of the Praya Granda on the sea-shore of the city. The robbers or pirates were sometimes bold enough to come into Macao itself and carry off suddenly the baggage and effects of foreigners as they landed from Hong Kong. This happened while I was in Macao to General D'Aguillar (Commander of H. B. M.'s garrison in Hong Kong), and his daughter. Persons taking their afternoon walk were sometimes attacked on the Camp, and if they seemed likely to offer any resistance, were blinded by having fine sand thrown into their eyes, and then being plundered of all their valuables which they had about them.

One day I was standing looking at a sailing ship passing towards Canton, when I saw a foreigner coming towards me with five or six Chinese at a short distance from him, apparently closing in upon him.

He seemed quite agitated, and called out to me, "I think these are thieves, intending to rob us." I looked incredulous, but seeing one of the Chinese stoop down and pick up a handful of sand, my incredulity was dissipated, and raising my heavy ebony cane, I aimed a blow at one of the robbers who seemed to be closing in upon me. I struck him as strong a blow upon the head as I was able, and felled him to the ground, and ran; but before I had gone many steps, two of them had me by the arms, and another took a tight twist in my black silk cravat, while my first adversary, having picked himself up, got hold of my ebony stick, and tried to get it out of my hand; but as I held on tightly, he took my hand between his teeth, and bit it hard. Then I let go of the cane, fully expecting that he would pay me back perhaps with interest; but the others had "gone through" my pockets, taking my watch, and what money I had, and then seeing several foreigners coming, let me go, and ran towards Mongha (or Wanghia), a small village, where afterwards our U. S. Commissioner, the Hon. Caleb Cushing, negotiated with the (Manchu) Chinese Commissioner, the Treaty of Wanghia. I regretted the loss of my watch, for it had been my mother's, and I wished also that they had left me my weapon. Otherwise it was not a sufficiently unusual occurrence to produce a very deep or lasting impression upon me.

Some three weeks after this, one damp, drizzly evening, the Rev. W. M. Lowrie, Dr. S. Wells Williams, and I were taking our evening walk, and winding our way over the rough and crooked path between the Guia Hill and the next one to it, when I, who was

in front, saw four Chinese coming down the sides of the hill towards us. I turned my head and said to my two companions, "This is the gang that robbed me the other day." They answered not a word, but we kept on our way. In fact there would have been no use to do anything else, as the robbers were above us, and could have "headed us off" if we had tried to go back. They came down towards us, and one jumped down into the path in front of me, then another, and another, passing to the rear. Hearing Mr. Lowrie cry out, I turned to see what was the matter, when I saw a man on the hill above me, with a large stone in his hands, and the next thing that I was conscious was that I was on my back on the ground, with a stout Chinese kneeling on my chest, and filling my eyes with powdered water-tobacco. I made one effort to throw my man off, but he forced me down again, and put some more water-tobacco into my eyes. Then I kept quiet, rather wondering what next. Mr. Williams and I had no canes; only silk umbrellas, which the thieves carried off. Mr. Lowrie had a stick and showed fight, and was beaten and badly cut about the head. Dr. Williams told them, in the Cantonese dialect, that he had nothing with him but his eye-glass, and they seemed to take his word, for they seized his umbrella and left him. We were all dressed in white American drilling jackets, vests, and trousers, which every foreigner wore at that time in China. Mr. Lowrie and I had our clothes smeared with blood and dust, and being unwilling to be seen in that plight in the streets of Macao, we got home stealthily by a back lane. The thieves had taken my bunch of keys, so

that I could not get at my clean clothes, to get the suit that I had worn the day before. We went into the dining-room and took our suppers with Mr. and Mrs. Cole, as though nothing had happened. Neither they, nor any of our friends in the United States, ever heard of these adventures for quite a number of years.

I suffered no physical inconvenience from my first adventure with the robbers at Macao, but the Englishman who was attacked at the same time, was thrown down and struggled violently, and was so injured that he was confined to his lodgings for one or two weeks, partly from the nervous shock, and partly from an inflammation of the eyes caused by the fine sand thrown into them by the robbers. The blow which I received from the large stone thrown by the robbers, striking me upon the left breast, left a soreness there, and a lameness in my right arm for two or three weeks.

At Macao I again met Dr. Elishah K. Kane, whom I had known as a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania. I dined with him at Macao at the house of another Philadelphian named Silver. Dr. Kane was then an assistant surgeon in the U. S. Navy, but was specially attached to the suite of our Commissioner, Mr. Cushing, and came out with him in the U. S. S. "Brandywine." I never saw him again; but I saw the articles brought back from his Arctic expedition, and his man "Morton" at the establishment of Mr. G. W. Childs, the publisher, in Philadelphia, in 1857.

VII

RETURN TO HONG KONG

SOON after my second adventure in Macao I went over to Hong Kong in company with the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, to look for an opportunity for a passage to the north of China. We started at about sunset, on a mild, pleasant evening. The bells of the San Jose College were chiming Mozart's air, which we know familiarly as "Away with Melancholy," and which sounded more sweetly than I have ever heard it since that time. Beautiful Macao, with its pleasant foreign community, made up, as I have said, of American and English families, who used to gather on one of the gardens or prayas; the garden of the Morques family in which was the grotto known as Camoens's Cave; the luxurious terraced gardens; the Portuguese senoras with their picturesque mantilla veils or head dresses; the sudden standing of the people when they heard the "three bells," and the uncovering of the head, as they murmured their Ave Marias; the procession on Good Friday in which the life-sized image of Christ, bowed under the weight of His cross, was carried, escorted by a guard of soldiers with arms reversed, and followed by the Governor and members of the Senate of Macao, all bareheaded; and on Easter morning, the loud and repeated discharges of artillery from the fort upon the

"Monte," the higher of the three hills of Macao, all remain distinct memories to this day. (Sir Andrew Ljungstedt, a "philanthropic Swede," published in 1836, in Boston, U. S. A., "An Historical Sketch of the Portuguese Settlements in China.")

On reaching Hong Kong without any contretemps, I took advantage of the kind offer of hospitality of Dr. S. R. Brown and made my home with himself and family until I left for Ningpo, and we remained lifelong friends. The Morrison School, over which Mr. Brown presided, was situated on Morrison Hill, and Dr. Hobson's dispensary and his dwelling house were just beside it. On an adjoining hill was a police station, which was a judicious precaution against robbers, who sometimes came over from Kowloon in full force, and even had the audacity to attack and plunder the quarters or residences of some of H. B. M.'s military officers. They were driven off by the Sepoys on guard close by, with the loss of several of the robbers. They also attacked the Morrison School Building. Mr. Brown and Mr. John Robert Morrison took their pistols and went to meet them, but were forced to go back after Mr. Brown had received two spear wounds, and, with the family and guests, took refuge in an outhouse. The robbers plundered the house, kindled a fire upon the floor in one of the rooms, and went off. After that Mr. Brown provided himself with a couple of double-barrelled fowling pieces, and one of our naval commanders gave him several flint-lock muskets. Owing to the dampness of the climate, it was necessary frequently to draw the charges, wipe out, and re-load our guns. I slept with a musket at

the head of my bed. One night Dr. Brown came and called me, saying that there was a band of robbers at the water side at the foot of the hill, and there might be trouble. I dressed, and, taking my musket, threw open the pan, wiped it and put in fresh priming, and then went out into the parlor, where the family were assembled. I proposed to Mr. Brown that he and I should each take a gun and go out and reconnoitre; but mindful, I suppose, of Mr. Brown's former experience, the ladies objected. So I took one of the double-barrelled fowling pieces and went out through the school building, getting one of the eldest scholars to let me out, and charging him not to let the door be opened to anyone but myself. As soon as I turned round the corner of the building, a number of men rose up from the edge of the bank. I levelled my gun and called out to them to know who they were, and, from their replies, discovered that they were carpenters, and other workmen who were employed in making repairs on the premises. Mr. Brown had told me in case of my seeing the robbers, to fire both barrels and call the police from the adjoining hill. As the workmen pointed out to me a crowd of men at the foot of the hill, I pulled first one trigger and then the other, but neither charge exploded. I accordingly ran back to the door of the school, which was opened by Ah Shing (afterwards the Hon. Hwang-shing, member of the Hong Kong Municipal Council,) who took another gun and came with me; and as he also saw the suspicious crowd of men by the water side, we fired two guns as we had been instructed to do. The robbers, as they turned out to be, immediately

ran across the flat towards Matheson's Point, and were out of sight by the time the police came over. They were " water thieves," as we afterwards learned, who, being pursued by the water police, had hoped to escape notice in the nook at the foot of Morrison Hill.

The rest of the time of my stay in Hong Kong passed away peacefully. I volunteered to teach some classes in the school. Among the scholars were some who afterwards became distinguished,—the Hon. Hwang-shing, the Hon. Yung-wing, LL.D. (Yale College) the Hon. Tung King Sang, and others. I also spent some time in frequently visiting Dr. Hobson's hospital on Morrison Hill, and Dr. Dyer Ball's dispensary on the Queen's Road in the city of Victoria.

VIII

HONG KONG TO CHUSAN AND NINGPO

ONE day I heard of an American schooner, the "Eagle," and engaged a passage in her to Chusan, but it was a long time before she had secured a cargo, opium being the principal freight at that time, and it was generally carried by the "opium schooners" owned by the old established business houses. On the 11th of June, while I was attending the funeral of Mrs. Dyer Ball, I received notice that the "Eagle" would sail the next day at 12 o'clock. I bade good-bye to my good friends on Morrison Hill, and was on board the "Eagle" with my boxes, in good time, and we got out of the Lyeemoon passage that same evening into the China Sea.

The next morning it was rainy and rough, and the majority of the passengers were sea-sick. Their names were the Hon. Don Sinibaldo de Mas, Commissioner from the Government of Manila; an Italian missionary, who could speak no English, but who, although very sea-sick during the whole passage, was very courteous and appreciative of any attention or sympathy; two very wild young Americans, who had probably been advised to take a voyage "for their *health*" (*i. e.,* to keep them out of mischief); and a Chinese whom I found the next day reading his breviary. I was immediately interested in him, because I

had never seen a Chinese who could read Latin. We soon got acquainted and were able to speak together in Latin. He told me that he was returning to China, after having spent a number of years in study at Naples. (I suppose in the school established by Father Ripa in A. D. 1733.*) When I told him that I was not a clergyman he could not comprehend how it was that I understood Latin, until I told him that I was an M. D. Then he understood and said, "All doctors understand Latin."

On the evening of the 18th of June we anchored off Buffalo's Nose, some distance below the entrance to the harbor of Tinghai (Dinghai, in the court dialect), unusually known to foreigners as "Chusan Harbor."

There are several large islands forming a chain from the south of the River Yung to the eastward, of which the largest is Tinghai, or Chusan, which was occupied by the British forces until 1846. The most easterly of these islands is Putoo (or colloquially Poodoo), a beautiful and romantic island, containing very many Buddhist temples, some of them covered with roofs of handsome porcelain tiles of various colors, and inhabited only by Buddhist monks, to the number of from 500 to 800. It is traversed in all directions by broad walks paved with broad slabs of stone. A high peak in the centre of the island is called Butsu-ting-san † (or the Hill of Buddha's

* See Memoirs of Father Ripa; Wiley and Putnam, New York, 1846.

† Kwan Shin-in, or Kwannon, in Japanese, the Chinese feminine incarnation of Avalokitesvara, who refrained

Crown, or Cranium). There is no land east of Puto until one reaches the islands of Japan. It has a beautiful, white, sandy beach, and on the face of a smooth cliff which faces the sea, is sculptured in large Chinese characters—"Once arrived at yonder shore." I have often stood on the top of this cliff looking out over the blue sea without a limit or shore, meditating upon the appropriateness of the inscription to express the unsatisfied longing of the devout Buddhist after a restful immortality. Tinghai (or Chusan) and Poodoo (or Putoo) were the principal sanitary resorts of the missionary invalids in those days; but they were hardly satisfactory on account of distance, lack of supplies, frequent rough weather, and the occasional visits to those parts of the Cantonese pirates.

There is also a small harbor, called by foreigners Lookong, where, while foreign vessels selling opium were not allowed to enter the Treaty Ports, two English opium vessels were stationed. The adjacent island, called by foreigners Silver Island, is next in size to Chusan, of the group of islands known by the name of the Chusan group, and within ten miles of Chinhai. It is a picturesque island, and has pleasant walks, and quite a number of villages inhabited by

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from entering Nirvana in order to listen to the prayers of mortals in this world, is said by the priests and others to have ascended to heaven from this island. On the rocks in various parts of the island, there are quite a number of inscriptions in Chinese, Nepalese and Thibetan characters, some of them recording pilgrimages made to the island from distant parts of the Chinese Empire.

fishermen and their families. Some of Commodore Perry's squadron (particularly the "Plymouth") used to lie at anchor at Lookong, for a week at a time; and some of the missionaries used to go there with their families during the hot weather; but as they were obliged to live in small luggers, they only spent a few days at a time there. In a few years, the missionaries were not restricted as they formerly were, and several of the missions built houses among the hills, where they spent the summer with their families.

The islands in the lower part of the group where we anchored looked beautifully fresh and green, contrasting very agreeably with the barren coast scenery near Hong Kong.

On the morning of the 19th we engaged a native pilot; and about 11 A. M. cast anchor in Chusan harbor, and I lost no time in getting on shore and presenting my letters of introduction.

Chusan is a large, fertile island upon which is the large walled city of Tinghai; and scattered over the island are eighteen thickly-populated villages. It has a splendid harbor in which were lying at anchor when I entered it, several British men-of-war. One of them was, if I remember correctly, a large, old-fashioned three decker, or "74." The island was one of the two held by the British troops, consisting of European soldiers, and East Indian Sepoys, as a material guarantee for the payment by the Chinese to Great Britain of the large indemnity exacted for the purpose of meeting the expenses of the so-called "Opium War." The military magistrate of the island was Capt. Bamfield, of the Hon. East India Com-

pany's Service, a pious man to whom I had a note of introduction. He received me very courteously, and invited me to dinner, where I met a number of military officers, some of them pious men, and the harbor master, a British master in the navy, who kindly chartered a small Chinese junk to take me to Ningpo, some seventy or eighty miles distant. I then called upon Miss Aldersey, a wealthy English lady who had been laboring in Java, and was now living (with a young adopted child, Miss Leisk, afterwards the wife of Bishop Russel, of Ningpo, and two Christian Indo-Chinese girls who had followed her from Batavia), in the Chinese family in the middle of the cantonment. Miss Aldersey at once took me to see some patients in whom she was interested and a few months afterwards came to Ningpo, where for sixteen years she labored in harmony with our mission, conducting, at her own expense, a large boarding school for Chinese girls.

Early in the morning of the day after reaching Chusan, I laid in a supply of baker's bread, eggs, and rice for my journey, got my baggage and boxes from the "Eagle" stowed on board the junk (or "lugger") which Harbor Master Stead had engaged for me, and started for Ningpo. The wind was light, but as the scenery among the islands of the Chusan group was new to me, I was not impatient, and when we entered the Yung River at Chinhai, and came to anchor, I did not know what the object was of our waiting several hours, but I suppose that we must have been too late in starting, and that when we reached Chinhai, the flood tide was already spent, or

nearly so, and that we had to wait until the next flood-tide commenced to flow before we could sail up the river to Ningpo. I did not go on shore at Chinhai, as I had no one to act as guide or interpreter for me. It was almost nightfall when we got up anchor; and not knowing how long it would be before we should reach our destination, I lay down and fell asleep, and did not wake up until the Chinese Custom House Officers at Ningpo came to examine the junk's cargo. I then found that the junk was made fast to a jetty or landing place, where now stands a monument erected by the French to commemorate the part taken by them in the re-capture of Ningpo from the "Long Haired Rebels," or "T'aipings," in 1861, and close to the new floating bridge, or bridge of boats.

IX

NINGPO

NINGPO is situated in the Province of Chehkiang, and lies in the forks of a river, in Lat. 29 degrees 55 minutes north. Like almost all the cities of any size, it is from twelve to fourteen miles from the sea. Chinhai, which lies at the mouth of the River Yung, and is only a city of the third rank, is an exception, probably because it is well fortified and capable of preventing piratical invasions, which had to be guarded against two hundred years ago. There is a fort upon the summit of the hill which is called Chao-pao-san, which was carried by assault by the British forces in 1841.

The River Yung,* which leads up to Ningpo, a distance of about twelve nautical miles, is formed by the confluence of two rivers, one from the northeast, which is again divided, one branch leading from the

* Rivers in China are not generally known by a single name, but are known, in different parts of their course, by the name of the district through which they flow. The Hoáng-ho, or Yellow River, is designated by that name in Imperial Proclamation, and sometimes as simply the Ho. The Yangtsz is designated the Kiang or Ta-kian (the Great River), but as a rule, their names differ in different parts of their course. The majority of people do not know the river of Ningpo by the name Yung.

city of Tsz'k'i, the other coming from the city of Yuyao; and the other river from the southeast, on which is the city of Fung-hwa. The river at Chinhai is widened so as to make a very commodious bay or harbor, which is generally crowded with native craft of various sizes. Large foreign ships are obliged to lie here, because of insufficient depth of water above Chinhai. Ningpo is, therepore, at the junction of the Tsz'k'i and Funghwa branches. There are two pontoon bridges which can be opened for junks to pass. One of these is on the east side of the city, and dates from several hundred years ago. The other, on the northeast side of the city, is of not more than a hundred years' standing. The City of Ningpo used to contain about three hundred thousand people, and had populous suburbs containing from 50,000 to 75,000 more. Canals lead from the city, and from the suburbs on the southeast, and in every direction.

I wanted to go first to the British Consulate in order to deliver to the Consul some letters that had been entrusted to me by the British authorities at Tinghai (Chusan), but nobody seemed to know Mr. Thom's English name, and I had never heard his Chinese name; (which was Lopat Tong; *i. e.*, Robert Thom). After a while, a boatman made signs to me to come with him; and he took me to what I recognized as the British Consulate, by the British flag.

Mr. Thom received me very kindly and hospitably, and invited me to stay with him until I could find a house, and I remained with him about ten days, when by the assistance of one of his Cantonese servants, I

secured a small house situated at the end of a lane, and enclosed by a high wall.

There were no glazed sashes in the windows, nor any ceiling overhead to break the force of the heat which came from the tiled roof into the room below; so that it was not until daybreak that I succeeded in getting an hour or so of sleep, upon a mattress laid upon the pavement in the yard. During the night I listened to the beating of the watches by the patrol upon the city walls, on the opposite side of the river; to the noise made by the junk-men getting up anchor, at each change of the tide; to the booming of the bell of a large Buddhist monastery, calling the monks to their matins; the cry of the night herons, and the cawing of the crows, as they flew to find their morning food. I finally fell asleep until the morning sun aroused me, and the heat recommenced.

One of Mr. Thom's Cantonese servants who could speak "pidgin English" recommended to me a Ningpo man, who knew a very little about cooking; and I commenced housekeeping. Mr. Thom's Cantonese servant gave a few directions to the Ningpo servant, and I afterwards asked the latter the names in the Ningpo dialect of the things he bought for me. This was the commencement of my study of the Ningpo dialect of the Chinese language.

Before leaving Hong Kong one of the boys in the Morrison School had written out for me a few sentences in the Chinese written characters, which I intended to make use of at first, in attempting to speak to the Chinese at Ningpo, but as the pronunciation of the Chinese characters at Hong Kong is very differ-

ent from the pronunciation in Ningpo, it was in many cases only by showing the Ningpo people the *written* characters, that I could make them uderstand my meaning. But from some of the Ningpo people, I got their pronunciation of the characters, and sometimes they would substitute a Ningpo colloquial phrase for one of those which had been given me by the schoolboy at Hong Kong. Sometimes I turned up the chapter and verse in the Chinese version of the New Testament, where a phrase of similar meaning occurred, and showed it to a Ningpo man, who would generally be able to guess what I wanted to say, and to give me the equivalent in the Ningpo dialect; but I could not conveniently take the New Testament, or a Morrison's Dictionary with me, or make use of them when visiting a patient, or when attempting to buy anything. Nevertheless, by the time that Messrs. Lowrie, Loomis, and Culbertson reached Ningpo, I had written out and copied a vocabulary which they thought very convenient and useful. I afterwards enlarged this, by the aid of some dialogues written in the Mandarin, or official dialect, by Dr. Medhurst.

I usually went across the ferry every afternoon for a walk with two of Mr. Thom's consular assistants; one of them was Mr. M. C. Morrison, then about eighteen years old, with whom I afterwards kept up an unbroken friendship until he went home to England to die, some twenty years afterwards. He was the second son of the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, who was the first Protestant missionary in China, and who had been the guest of my maternal grandfather, Divie

Bethune, of New York, when Dr. Morrison was on his way to China in 1808.

Mr. Thom always remained friendly until his death in 1846. I became sufficiently intimate with him to speak to him earnestly about eternal things, and gave him a copy of Hodge's "Way of Life"; but the inconsistent conduct of so many who professed and called themselves Christians, had filled him with distrust in the religious professions of any of them. When he realized that he could hardly expect to survive until the arrival of another consul to relieve him, he asked me to see that his two little children should be sent to the care of a friend in Shanghai. I immediately sent the children and their nurse to Shanghai in charge of my Chinese teacher, and he seemed thankful and satisfied when I was able to tell him that my teacher had returned, and that the children were safe in the care of his friend at Shanghai. When the new Consul arrived, Mr. Thom was barely able to recognize him. I was the only one with him when he died.

X

FIRST TRIP INTO THE COUNTRY AND RETURN TO CHUSAN

I HAD not been many days in my own house, when I became quite sick from the heat, and the bad drinking water. I had never drunk tea at home, and arriving at Ningpo after the rainy season was over, I had no way of getting a supply of rain water. Thinking that a change might do me good I accepted an invitation to accompany an officer of the Hon. East India Company's army, on a trip to the country. We carried our own bedding and provisions, excepting rice, and everything in the country being new, I enjoyed the the scenery, and the rice fields watered by wooden chain pumps worked generally by the water buffaloes. The canals extended in every direction, and our boats were drawn up to the top of the embankment by means of rude capstans or windlasses, around which were wound large ropes, loops of which were passed over the stern of the boat, slowly pulling it until it reached the top of the incline. The loops were then cast off, and the boat was allowed to slide down the other side of the embankment into the river like a toboggan. In some places the ropes were pulled by buffaloes, instead of by men with capstans. One part of the canal was fed by a large artificial lake or reservoir, some two miles long,

and perhaps half a mile wide. The sluices are opened in the latter part of the summer, so as to keep the canals navigable and sufficiently full of water to supply the chain pumps, which require to be kept working in order to keep the roots of the paddy or growing rice constantly covered with water, until it is sufficiently ripe for being harvested.

We spent a part of the day and the following night —of the 4th of July, 1844,—at Tien-dong-sz, or Temple of the Heavenly Youth,—a large Buddhist monastery inhabited by between two and three hundred Buddhist monks. I slept in a room containing a life-sized image of Kwanshin (called Kwannon in Japan) frequently called by foreigners the "Goddess of Mercy." A monk in his official robes came in during the night and lighting a candle and some sticks of incense in front of the idol, tinkled his bell and offered his prayers. I was very much interested, as it was the first time I had ever seen Buddhist worship.

We returned to Ningpo after an absence of three days. I afterwards went with the military officer, and his Sepoy servant, to visit the Mohammedan Mosque in the city of Ningpo. Two hundred years ago there were several Mohammedan mosques and Jewish synagogues in this city, but they had all disappeared but this one. The mufti could read Arabic, and conducted service for such of his co-religionists as came to the mosque on Fridays, but the attendance, I learned, was not very large, nor very regular. We conversed with the mufti through the Sepoy, who was also a Mohammedan, and who knew enough of Arabic to be able to act as an interpreter. I kept up my ac-

quaintance with the mufti for many years afterwards, and learned from him a good deal about the religious views and practices of the Mohammedans, and of the Jews in China. He said the latter were very little different from the Mohammedan, each sect keeping a holy day once a week (the Mohammedans Friday, the Jews Saturday); each wearing a turban when engaged in worship, (the Mohammedans a white, and the Jews a blue one); each having the cows or oxen which they were allowed to kill in winter, (as the religions of both of them forbade them to eat swine's flesh like other Chinese), bled to death by the rabbi or mufti; repeating a religious formula before using the knife, and both sects circumcising their male children; and refusing to worship idols, or to eat with idolators. The Mohammedans also refrain from using wine.

Being still very much depressed and worn out with sickness, I returned to Chusan in August. While there, I occupied the upper part of a two-storied house inside the city, belonging to two brothers, who with their wives and two little children occupied the lower story. They allowed me to use the lower (central) room for my prescribing room, they themselves using it when they worshipped heaven, earth, the Emperor, their ancestors, and teachers. Every Chinese family, whose circumstances are not of the very poorest, has a room of this kind, which is also used as a reception room. It has front doors which are removed upon ceremonial occasions, and the floor is of earth only, so that the worship of heaven and earth may be unobstructed. There is a shrine placed near the ceiling in the back part of the room, in

which the tablets dedicated to the ancestors of the family are placed. In case of weddings, some one of the family kneels down in front of the shrine, and announces the wedding to the ancestors, informing them of the bride's name, and of her being received into the family.

I used to have my servant bring me a cup of tea at gun fire in the morning, and then I went with him to market, quite as much to pick up words and phrases as to do any marketing; and as soon as the people of the city and neighbouring villages found that I would prescribe for surgical ailments, etc., they came quite regularly every forenoon except Sunday, and I acquired words quite rapidly. The dialect differed only slightly from that of Ningpo, so that there was very little labour lost in learning it.

Not far from my house there lived a Colonel Stewart and his wife. He belonged to the Hon. East India Company's forces, and they were, both of them, warm Christians. Capt. Bamfield, the military magistrate, and his wife, were also earnest Christians. There were also three or four Christians among the Company's troops, and a Lieut. Eliot, of H. B. M.'s 18th Royal Irish, all of whom attended service on Sunday, and prayer meeting once a week at the house of Colonel Stewart.

Lt. Col. Campbell, "The Brigadier," as he was called, or commander-in-chief of the post, was quite willing to grant to these good people any facilities for keeping up religious services, being well pleased by the exemplary conduct of the pious soldiers. Sometimes, when troubled by the necessity of inflicting

punishment upon the other European soldiers, he lost his temper, and expressed the wish that they would all turn "Methodists." The Eighteenth Royal Irish were a very fine-looking regiment, but cases of intemperance were very frequent among them. I have several times seen the chevrons stripped from the sleeves of a sergeant, or corporal, for drunkenness.

The army surgeon, Dr. Maxwell, was a scientific man, and very friendly; I learned much from what he told me of his long experience in India and China.

A French Roman Catholic missionary named Danicourt was paid to act as chaplain to the Royal Irish, who were almost all Roman Catholics. He much preferred Americans to Englishmen. I frequently met him at the house of my friend Bates, of the firm of Wolcott, Bates, and Co., and we were on friendly terms.

Bishop Levaisier, who preceded M. Danicourt, I attended, and became much attached to him. After some years he was brought back to Ningpo to die; and M. Danicourt became Roman Catholic bishop at Ningpo. During his administration, I used to attend his missionaries, and the Sisters of Charity. I have several times dined with him at the French Mission, where I met the celebrated Abbe Huc, author of "Travels in Mongolia and Thibet," and other works. He often visited me and corresponded with me.

Of all those whom I have mentioned, I do not know of one survivor. The "Brigadier," who had served in the war of the Spanish peninsula, where he led a forlorn hope at the siege of Badajos, which was taken by Wellington in 1812, and became the

deliverer of Havelock and the other Europeans at Lucknow during the mutiny of the Sepoys in India in 1857, was made Sir Colin Campbell, and afterwards Lord Clyde, for his valuable services in the war of the Crimea. I have heard that some time before his death he read a great deal of Wilberforce's works.

Col. Stewart's tomb is on the Island of Chusan. Capt. Bamfield was killed at the Battle of Chillianwalla, in India. Lt. Eliot, who often spoke to me of his doubts as to the propriety of a Christian choosing the military profession, some time afterwards, as I heard, resigned or sold his commission.

Until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Way I was quite alone in my missionary work; but the time I spent in Chusan I still look back upon as a very happy period of my missionary life. The quarters of the European troops, and the hospital, were situated outside of the city, between it and the beach, or "bund." The Sepoy troops occupied the inside of the city, the gates of which were guarded by Sepoy sentinels. Some ten years afterwards, I went ashore at Tinghai, and going to Col. Stewart's grave, found it in a good state of preservation. Tinghai seemed lonely, and in turning around the corner of the hills and the city streets, I missed the swarthy faces of the Sepoy sentinels. The place no longer seemed like home.

In September, 1844, the U. S. S. "St. Louis" came to Chusan. She was at Hong Kong when I left that port, and I had called on board to see one of the lieutenants, Montgomery Hunt, U. S. N., who was an old friend of mine, and whose friends I had seen in

the United States since he had left there. The Captain, Mr. McKeever, U. S. N., was properly entitled to command a larger ship, the "St. Louis" being only a corvette, but being anxious to be in sea service he applied for and had been appointed to this vessel. After a few days Capt. McKeever, wishing to visit Ningpo, spoke to me on the subject, and finding that the "St. Louis" could not go up the river from Chinhai to Ningpo, as she drew too much water, preferred to leave his ship and officers and crew at Chusan, where they would have a healthy climate, agreeable foreign society, pleasant walks, etc., and go with a party to visit Ningpo. He asked me to engage a junk, and make all the necessary arrangements. The party consisted of Capt. McKeever, his secretary, Mr. Montellant, the surgeon, Dr. Laurason, Lieut. Montgomery Hunt, and Acting Lieut. George Henry Preble. We had a very pleasant visit, calling on H. B. M.'s Consul, Robert Thom, Esq., and sending official cards to the Chinese higher officers. We spent one night in the house I had formerly occupied, near the British Consulate, and visited the tower, the large confectioners, silk and satin shops, etc. One of the officers went with me to call upon Miss Aldersey, and we returned to Chusan, reaching the "St. Louis" after an absence of thirty-six hours, and a very enjoyable visit. Lieut. Hunt, on leaving China, made me a present of a pair of pistols, because he insisted that it was not safe for me to live alone among the Chinese unarmed. I never had occasion to draw a pistol upon anyone in my life. Lieut. Hunt was lost at sea in the U. S. S. "Albany," within two years.

After Lieut. Preble became Rear Admiral Preble, U. S. N., we met him several times and continued to correspond together until his death.

In October, 1844, Mr. Wolcott asked me to go with him to Ningpo, in order that he might visit the Chinese officials, and be recognized by them as the United States Vice-Consul. Accordingly we went to Ningpo, and took up our headquarters in a large two-storied building called Moh-tien-zing. I introduced Mr. Wolcott to Mr. Thom, H. B. M.'s Consul, who very courteously gave us some hints as to how we should proceed, and sent one of his Cantonese linguists to interpret for us. We set up a flagstaff in front of the Moh-tien-zing, and early the next morning, after I had dressed myself, I looked out of the front windows and saw Mr. Wolcott's Chinese servant binding on to the halyards the American flag. I immediately went down, and ran it up myself, for the American flag had never before been hoisted on the mainland north of Canton, and I did not wish anyone not an American to have the honor. At this time, I became acquainted with a bright lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who afterwards became one of my "three temple boys" in the building I rented the year afterwards, and fitted up for Mr. and Mrs. Cole, and the Mission Printing Press.

XI

EARLY HISTORY OF THE NINGPO MISSION

WHILE at Ningpo with Mr. Wolcott, I again rented the small house which I had formerly occupied, near the British Consulate, and in November, 1844, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Way and their family, who had already joined me, together with their servant Ahpoo, and my teacher, left Chusan for Ningpo. We left Chusan with regret, as it was a healthy place with a pleasant society and surrounding country; but knowing that the island was to be retroceded to the Chinese as soon as the indemnity agreed upon in the Treaty of Ninking was completely paid, and that Messrs. Lowrie, Loomis, and Culbertson, and the ladies, Mrs. Loomis and Mrs. Culbertson, would probably come to join us in the spring, we thought best to go over to Ningpo and be ready to receive them, and secure for them permanent residences.

The Rev. Messrs. M. S. Culbertson and A. W. Loomis and their wives, and the Revs. A. P. Happer and John Lloyd reached Hong Kong on Oct. 22nd, 1844. It was then decided that Mr. Lloyd should join Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn at Amoy (much to his grief, for he had set his heart upon being associated with his friend the Rev. W. M. Lowrie), and that Messrs.

Culbertson and Loomis and their wives, and the Rev. W. M. Lowrie should go to Ningpo. In the light of Mr. Lowrie's former attempt * it was thought unadvisable to try and pass through the Formosa Channel during the winter in the face of the northerly monsoon, even had there been opportunity to do so. There were no steamers on the coast of China in those days, and the only running vessels were small "opium schooners," which crept along the coast selling and landing opium in out of the way places; so that Messrs. Culbertson and Loomis and their wives, in company with D. J. McGowan, M.D., and his wife, of the American Baptist Union, only reached Chusan after an uncomfortable and stormy voyage of thirty-eight days. Messrs. Loomis and Culbertson and their wives, reached Ningpo on April 1st, 1845, and Mr. Lowrie via Shanghai on the 11th. It was determined by the Ningpo Mission that Mr. and Mrs. Loomis should be stationed in the city of Tinghai on the Island of Chusan, where they remained until the British forces were withdrawn, and the island was given back to the Chinese in August, 1846.

It was decided that a boys' boarding school should be established, in charge of Mr. Way, and that I should hand over my hospital, temporarily, to Dr. McGowan in order to give such assistance to Mr. Way as my other duties would permit, and to take charge of the necessary building and business operations of the mission. The mission directed me to hold a Sunday service in Chinese for our school and Miss

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* See page 54.

Aldersey's, and for others. This was kept up by me faithfully for eleven years. It consisted in reading the Lord's prayer, the Ten Commandments, a portion of the Scriptures, a short address in Chinese, and by degrees some singing was added. For some years some of the early foreign members of the different missions used to attend this service to get terms and phrases to be used in preaching to the Chinese. We hardly knew how to translate the terms for God, Spirit, heaven, hell, faith, sin, repentance, forgiveness, etc., and it used to cause me much labor to get up a short discourse. I then found a series of short Chinese tracts by Dr. W. H. Medhurst on many of these subjects, and translated them into the Ningpo colloquial for my own use. Afterwards I translated the Shorter Catechism, and tried to add explanations and exhortations.

I gave up my cook, a middle aged, faithful man, that he might manage the feeding and immediate oversight of the scholars, and the older one of my boy assistants in the hospital, was taken as an assistant teacher.

Owing to family reasons, Dr. McGowan never spent his summers at Ningpo, so I resumed my hospital operations after the lapse of three or four months, and for the greater part of my residence at Ningpo, attended the missionary and mercantile community.

Our Girls' Boarding School was commenced by Mrs. Cole in November, 1846. The first two scholars were sisters, the younger between six and seven years of age. The older sister made a profession of faith in Christ, but after she left the school, she was mar-

ried, and during the T'aiping Rebellion, and for some years afterwards, we could hear no news of her. When she did return to Ningpo she was a pitiable object, emaciated and helpless. Her younger sister took her into her own house, although she herself had great troubles, owing to a husband who had made a profession of Christianity and ran well for a few years, but finally deserted her for another woman, only coming back once in a year or so, to extort money, or to seize and sell some of her buffaloes, which she had purchased, and whose milk she sold to foreigners. She brought up her two sons, supported her mother-in-law, and in his last days, her unworthy husband, and is now living in Shanghai with her children and grandchildren. She has adorned her profession.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cole left Ningpo in 1847, the superintendence of the printing press was given to Mr. Loomis, while the Girls' Boarding School was given to Mrs. Loomis, under whom it had encouraging growth and progress. When the latter left for the United States in 1849, the Girls' School was given into the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, under whom it grew and flourished, and many of the pupils were received into the Church. But before this Mr. and Mrs. Loomis had become very much broken down in health, but they would not leave unless I would take charge of the Press and the School, and finally, as there was no one else, I took charge of both in addition to my medical duties, until the arrival of Messrs. Wight and Rankin and their wives. Mr. and Mrs. Wight reached Ningpo in July, 1849, and after stay-

ing a few days came over to my house, where they remained with me until the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Loomis. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Rankin were detained at Amoy, where their eldest child was born. Mr. and Mrs. Coulter came up from the coast from Hong Kong in a Portuguese lorcha, which called at Amoy, and took on board Mr. and Mrs. Rankin and their infant daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Coulter took up their residence with Mr. and Mrs. Way, and Mr. Coulter, with the help of Mr. Way, relieved me of the charge of the Printing Press. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, who had come to live with me, were put in charge of the Girls' Boarding School. I remained with them long enough to put up a school room adjoining the house, when the girls were transferred to my house, and I moved over to the city, and hired the house formerly occupied by the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie and described in his journal.

I came over, however, several times a week to give any assistance in my power to Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, (they being such recent arrivals), writing out phrases for them, interpreting, and so forth. This continued until Mr. Rankin, by authorization from the Board, built a dwelling house and school house and removed into the new house and the girls were transferred to the new building.

XII

IN THE TAOIST TEMPLE

IN December, 1844, my teacher found a place for me in the Yiu-shing-kwan, a Taoist monastery just inside the North gate of the city of Ningpo, on the opposite side of the river from the north Bank (Kong-poh-ngen), where the British Consul, and Miss Aldersey, and Mr. and Mrs. Way lived. The abbott and his monks were quite willing to let me have, for six dollars a month, a room in one of the temples under their charge, with the use, when needed, of another room for receiving patients. This particular temple was called the Wen-chang-koh, or two-storied temple of the God of Literary Elegance. This idol, with the next, (named Kwei-sing, or God of the North Polar Star,) occupied the two central rooms fronting the paved court, on two sides of which were six beautiful, fragrant, olive trees, whose flowers were gathered and sold for scenting tea.

My room was large enough for my worldly possessions, viz.: two trunks of clothing, a secretary bureau which I was advised to buy at Macao, an 8 by 10 inch looking-glass, a rattan couch on which were a hair mattress and two pillows, a student's lamp, four chairs, and a set of rough shelves for my books and medicines, and a very plain cupboard. The monks lent me a table and some more chairs. My

cook, teacher and three pupils, who also acted as my assistants in compounding medicines on prescribing days three times a week, and who studied Chinese and English under the Chinese teacher and myself, slept in a small room or passageway leading out of my living room. My cutlery consisted of six each of plain knives and forks, the same number of large and small pewter spoons, and a half dozen each of cups, saucers, and plates, and a teapot. My cook bought some Chinese cooking utensils, and manipulated them on a furnace of bricks. My bill of fare was boiled rice, sweet potatoes, boiled chestnuts, boiled bamboo sprouts, goat mutton, or by way of variety, a fowl or a duck, and eggs. As a substitute for bread, I had a kind of steamed rolls used by the Chinese at funeral feasts; sometimes I had a kind of vermicelli, and, when in season, Chinese dates, oranges, peanuts, peaches, crataegus or the strawberry fruit, and hard pears. I did not care for fish, but occasionally had prawn or shrimp. The pork was fat, stringy, and disagreeable. There was no beef except of aged or diseased cattle, but the Chinese hams were fairly good. I had no butter nor milk, but did not appreciate the absence of anything except bread.

At that time our salaries were $480 (Mexican) a year for unmarried men, and $720 (Mex.) yearly for families, with an allowance of $50 a year for each child.

As a matter of course I did not spend much money for luxuries. Out of my salary I paid for my own and three boys' board, and gave the boys Sunday gowns and shoes. I drew five dollars a month for the

rent of my house, and at first, ten dollars for my teacher's salary. My cook received three dollars a month for his food, but I paid nothing for coal, as I had no stove or grate, a bottle of hot water at night being my only resource for artificial heat. The second winter I was fortunate enough to be able to use the broken stove I had left with Mr. and Mrs. Way; for whom I contrived a parlor grate and a sort of "pie pan," or Dutch oven, for cooking.

The reason why we lived on so much smaller salaries was that we lived, of necessity, plainly, as also did the merchants and officers at Chusan. Some of us had lived in a military camp where carpets and curtains were unknown. It was only at the remonstrance of one of the ladies, who could not keep her dresses from being soiled by contact with floors and stairways, that we got the Chinese to piece together the short pieces of matting which they used to sleep on, and covered our floors with them.

Not all men's consciences or tastes are alike, nor can all be equally frugal. Yet in my opinion it is better for missionaries to live in small-sized places, in plain houses, away from the temptations to indulge in style and comparative luxury. In those days especially, a large proportion of the funds for the support of missionaries came in small sums from the savings of those who went without sugar, tea, or coffee, or denied themselves in one way or another to "send the Gospel to the heathen who were perishing"; and I have never felt that the money I was at liberty to draw from the treasury of the Board was "my *own,* to do with as I liked"; but have consid-

ered it as money appropriated by the representatives of the Church, whom she had "set over us, to give us our meat in due season," and that all in excess of what was necessary for health and efficiency should be applied as those who had dedicated it would wish.

The patients were numerous, sometimes as many as 150 or 200 or more daily, and I was frequently called to prescribe for Chinese at their homes, or resuscitate would-be suicides who had taken opium, which was always and everywhere to be had. On the "off days," I spent some time in visiting the iron and brass foundries, and the candle-makers, and I studied something of their botany, materia medica, chemistry (such as it was), and pharmacy. Of course I found much that was absurd, but still was surprised to find how well they succeeded in making vermillion, white lead, and calomel, their acquaintance with arsenic in various forms, and their ability to make an accurate assay of gold or silver. Specimens sent by me, with translations of the formulæ, to the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia, caused quite an interest there.

On the whole I was about as busy, and as happy as I have been for almost any similar length of time since then. In all my movements, a kind Providence favored me, and a much more able and experienced man could hardly have succeeded better.

Soon after I had moved to Ying-shing-kwan (Taoist) temple, an officer of the Taotai (the highest officer below the Governor of the province) came to enquire what I was doing inside the walls of the City of Ningpo. I told him that according to the British

and American Treaties with China, foreigners were allowed to live at Ningpo, and I thought that as to living within the walls of the city, I was certainly borne out by the Treaty. He asked me why I did not live over on the North Bank, near the British Consul. I replied that I was not British, but American, and not under the British Consul's jurisdiction nor obliged to follow his movements. Finally he said, "Oh, well, we know who you are" (he was present when I was calling with the U. S. Vice-Consul upon the Chinese officials a couple of months before) "and you have not brought a family with you, and probably your stay will not be long." I replied that the length of my stay *might* possibly be short, but it might, on the other hand, be quite a long one;—that I could not say. He left me in a friendly humour, and from time to time used to call to see me to get information on different subjects.

The Abbott-in-chief of the Kwan, (as Taoist monasteries are called), was an elderly man, over sixty years of age, of a somewhat easily ruffled temper, but we always managed to get on together tolerably well. He made no opposition to my putting up some tracts where not only my patients, but even the literati, who came occasionally to pay their respects to the images of Wen-chang and Kwei-sing (or the constellations of Ursa Major and the circum-polar stars,) could read them. He did not even take exception to the prohibition of image worship in the Ten Commandments, any more than many Christians protest against the symbol of the cross in their churches. He seemed to look upon it as a peculiar tenet of *my denomination.*

The temple next to the one I lived in contained a large image, perhaps ten feet high, over whose head was a motto, but no name. The image had two large figures on each side, as his satellites or attendants. The principal idol was a symbol of the genial or life-giving influence of spring, to which the worshippers acknowledged they owed gratitude and thanksgiving. The four satellites were furnished with pencils and books, and were explained to me as intended to remind human beings that an account was kept of all their merits and demerits. The principal image was always spoken of as the Tai-sui, or Great Year. In the wings of the Tai-sui temple were sixty images, each one representing one of the sixty years of the *cycle,* or period of sixty years, according to the Chinese method of reckoning time. The temple also contained an image of the " plowing ox," and one of the " herd boy," who leads the ox.

The interval between the end of the lunar year, and the first day of the new secular year is like a holiday season, corresponding originally, doubtless, to our Christmas holidays. The officials put away their seals of office; and public business is put off until the seals are brought out again. To provide for important emergencies, a number of blank official forms are stamped (or sealed), and kept in reserve. On the month, day, hour, and quarter, upon which the sun commences to return toward the north, (the winter solstice), the civil officers are all in waiting, and a form of praise and thanksgiving is read, while the officers kneel, bow their heads, and make offerings. On the day before, they had all gone in procession out

of the South gate of the city, to "meet the Spring," carrying with them the image which represented the incoming year and which on their return was substituted in the place of the image corresponding to the departed year. I have often seen a man kneeling before one of these cyclical images, apparently giving thanks for prosperity or favor received, or asking favor of the power represented in that particular year. Lighted candles and incense sticks are the offerings placed before the images.

The worship of the stellar deities is evidently a survival of the ancient Nature Worship, (or Sabæanism,) which seems to have been so universally prevalent in ancient times. The sun and moon are still worshipped by the Emperor at certain times, and also on the occasion of a solar or lunar eclipse; but with reference to the worship of other objects, I do not believe that they are always, or even generally, supposed to be personal things, or conscious of the worship addressed to them. The idea which I got from conversing with some sensible people was, that we ought always in some way to show our gratitude for favors received, just as we sometimes carefully cherish or preserve a horse, a dog, or even an inanimate object that has been the means of saving our lives,—or as we Americans venerate and preserve the old "Ironsides" or "Hartford." In the Ying-shing-kwan temple certainly, the idols did not represent either what were supposed to be deities actually existing, that were to be thanked, or demons that were to be propitiated. I found in Shang-tung a rubbing of an inscription from a stone, the hand-writing of

which, as well as its literary composition, was by a very distinguished literary official, who commenced his writing by pronouncing the idols as having no real existence, but ended by approving of idol worship, for reasons which he gave, *i. e.*, as a means of controlling the people.*

The old Abbott, finding in the Christian tracts I had been distributing, the term *Shang-ti,* (Ruler above, or Supreme Ruler,) carefully read the tracts to see if he could find anything in them about Shang-ti, which the Taoist monks use as an appellation for one or more of their idols, and notwithstanding my explanations and disclaimers, told the people that I was a worshipper of their Shang-ti; and on the birthday of their idol, sent me, as such, a special invitation to be present and to join in making offerings.

Of the younger Taoist monks, two or three were tolerably intelligent and affable young men. Each of them had a small building, or at least a room to himself. One of them played on the guitar, and another was fond of drawing. They used to bring their tobacco pipes in the evening, and became very friendly, with my teacher and myself. I learned a good deal of the Ningpo dialect, manners, customs, and legends from them. I did not, at this time, make any attempt to master the Chinese classics. The only Chinese books I attempted to make use of were on medicine, surgery, and materia medica; from which I learned the Chinese nomenclature, and got some clue to their

* A translation of this paper by myself will be found in the transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society (1865).

ideas of anatomy, physiology, and therapeutics, which I thought of more pressing importance to me than metaphysics. So I deferred the study of the "Four Books" and "Five Classics" until later—and read instead the "Trimetrical Classic," a school book studied by Chinese schoolboys, to which I added a commentary.

In the upper story of the Ying-shing-kwan Temple, when I first came there to live, was a literary graduate who was in very poor pecuniary circumstances, and who was trying to make a living by "coaching" students to enable them to pass the triennial examinations for the degree of *siu-tsai* (which is somewhat like our degree of A.B., but much more difficult to attain,) at Ningpo only thirty or forty out of three thousand candidates being allowed to pass. Sometimes men commence when they are between fifteen and twenty years of age, and persevere until they are old without being successful. Once while I was at Ningpo a grandfather and his grandson were competitors at the same examination and the grandson succeeded, whilst the grandfather failed of success, and thereupon gave up trying. I heard of a case of a grandfather and grandson both being successful at the same examination. In the examination to which I first referred, not one of the poor "coach's" pupils was successful, and he was so dejected by his ill luck that he took passage in a Chinhai junk, and half way down the river, leaped overboard to drown himself, but his fellow-passengers rescued him, and he was brought back to Ningpo. A subscription was taken up for his relief, and I also spoke to Mr. Thom, who

gave him the Conversations in the Chinese text of Concalvez, "Arte China," to copy. The two British Consular clerks each subscribed for a copy, as I also did. I found these Conversations very useful, especially after I got the Portuguese text. The latter was so much more like Latin than even Spanish or Italian, that I had very little difficulty in translating the Conversations, and whilst doing so, acquired quite a goodly number of phrases in Portuguese as well, which afterwards proved useful to me in prescribing for Portuguese sailors, and in my intercourse as United States Consul with the Consul of Portugal. Through this poor scholar I became known to several of the literati of Ningpo, who ever after showed themselves very friendly to me.

XIII

VISIT OF COMMODORE BIDDLE: PORTUGUESE PIRATES

WHEN I was living in the Hai-mon-fong, in 1846, one morning rising early and looking out on the river, I saw a small junk or fishing smack flying the American flag. Dressing myself immediately I went alongside and found Commodore Biddle, U. S. N., with Lieut. Strong, U. S. N., and a midshipman whose name I have forgotten. I immediately put myself under Commodore Biddle's orders, calling with him upon H. B. M.'s Consul, who invited us all to dinner to meet some of the Hon. East India Company's officers, from their ship "Medusa." The Commodore enjoyed himself, and greatly interested the company by narrating how he was captured when he was in command of one of the "Mosquito Fleet" near New Orleans in the war of 1812, and other of his adventures at that time. The Hon. East India Company's officers took to him very kindly, and when he went on board the "Medusa" they hoisted an American flag and fired a salute in his honour.

The Commodore sent for his servant at sunrise the next morning to take him to see the old pagoda, or seven-storied tower, inside of the city; but as there were so many stairs to go up, and the tower had a

"list," like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, he ordered his servant to go up. John went up, and putting his head out of the seventh story window announced to the Commodore, "Got up, Sir." "All right, John, come down." So the Commodore "did" the tower. He was very cordial with me when he found that I was a Philadelphian, and knew several of his personal friends in that city. From China Commodore Biddle went over to Japan and anchored for some days at Nagasaki, but was unable to accomplish anything; in fact was insulted, but would not resent the insult as it deserved.

During the first twenty-five years of my experience in China, there were in all, I think, four missionaries, two of whom were members of our Mission, killed by pirates. Several were beaten and others had narrow escapes. In recent years the number of foreign men-of-war cruising in the Chinese waters has almost entirely put an end to the piracy which prevailed fifty years ago. The greater part of the pirates were from the caste called "Tanka," or "Boat People," who are descendants of the aborigines of southern China that lived in houses or boats built over the river at Canton, like the Swiss lake dwellings. They are not allowed to intermarry with the present race of Cantonese, and differ from them in some of their customs and religious observances. Some of the Cantonese pirates had fleets of swift ships, and at times there were sharp encounters with Portuguese lorchas, which were engaged in convoying and protecting the fishing fleets among the islands of the Chusan group. On one of the pirate fleets captured near Chefoo by a

British man-of-war, an American by the name of Boggs was found. He was tried at Hong Kong for piracy, and sentenced to transportation for a long term of years. I came very near having a serious adventure between Chusan and Ningpo. I had gone to Chusan to get money for the Mission, and was returning in a Ningpo junk with 2,000 silver rupees packed in a claret wine box. There was no other foreigner in the boat, and the captain evidently supposed the box to contain wine, for he told his men to handle it carefully lest they should break some of the bottles. Some fifteen miles from Chusan Harbor the wind failed us, and my junk, as well as several others, was becalmed, and at the mercy of the tides. There were many pirates about in those years, and although Mr. Lowrie thought that they would not dare to attack a boat carrying a foreigner and flying a foreign flag (Memoirs of W. M. Lowrie, p. 436), his own sad death at the hands of pirates the next summer showed that he was mistaken. Besides, Mr. Fortune, the botanist, had been attacked some months before this, but being well-armed, shot the helmsman of the pirate junk, and escaped. I had asked the British merchant at Chusan, from whom I had got the money, if he thought it would be safe for me to carry so much money under the circumstances; he declined to give any advice, but I thought I would run the risk. Pirates did come, and were plundering a junk near us. My boatmen came to me in a panic, saying that the pirates would come to us next. I gave them a small American flag to put up. The captain wanted me to fire my pistols to frighten the robbers, but I told him

I would keep my powder and ball until the pirates came near enough. I did not suppose that two old-fashioned pistols (not revolvers) given me by Lieut. Hunt, of the U. S. S. "St. Louis," would avail much against thirty or forty men throwing cobble stones at us, until they had driven us below decks, and then stabbing us with their ugly pikes. So I determined to use my pistols in a different way if the pirates came on board, and so make a short struggle of it, as the idea of being pierced with long, narrow-bladed spears was very much worse to me than that of being killed by fire-arms. A light breeze sprang up, and we were overtaken by a boat from Chusan bound to Ningpo, with foreigners on board, one of them a post-office sergeant, whom I knew, with despatches for H. B. M.'s Consul at Ningpo, and I got the sergeant to take me on his boat. We reached Ningpo about 2 A. M. One of the boatmen carried my box of silver for me to Mr. Way's door, and when I succeeded in awakening someone to open the street door and let me in with my money, I felt as though a load had been taken off my own shoulders. Had the pirates known that I had 2,000 rupees of silver with me, my chances of life would not have been worth much, as the sad experience of my friend, the Rev. W. M. Lowrie, proved about twelve months afterwards.

Crews of the Portuguese lorchas gave rise to much trouble to the Mandarins and people. I had prescribed for a number of them and performed an amputation for one of them, and could speak Portuguese somewhat. They had the audacity to land a squad of men, and attempt to rescue a native in their employ,

who had been concerned in forcibly collecting money upon a forged document, and the Chechien, or Mayor, of the city sent over an urgent request to the British Consul and myself to come to his assistance. The British Consul did not wish to get involved, and excused himself on the ground that his interpreter was absent. I went alone in a plain sedan, and met the Portuguese just coming out of the gate of the Mayor's office. I at once jumped out of my sedan, and confronted them, remonstrating with them against such a grave offence and succeeding in getting them to allow me to take the prisoner back with me to the magistrate's premises. He was a Manchu Tartar, and of course could not speak the Ningpo colloquial, but could speak the Pekinese dialect. I interpreted and succeeded in getting the Portuguese to promise to bring the principal offender and hand him over, if they were allowed to take away the less guilty offender, who was their servant. The Magistrate agreed to this, if I thought they would keep their word, and so by my advice, he released the prisoner. The next day the Portuguese really did bring the instigator of the outrage, and he was punished accordingly.

A year before this there was a quarrel between Portuguese buccaneers and Cantonese (professedly reformed) pirates in the river, just abreast of my house. The Cantonese piratical junks had been got ready for action and unstopped their guns, when Mrs. McCartee, (I was away that afternoon until sunset,) hoisted the American flag, which put a temporary stop to the proceedings, and brought me a note from the

Cantonese chief saying that he had not fired his great guns for fear of damaging my property, but that the Portuguese had killed one of his men, and if the murderers were not delivered up by the Portuguese Consul before 9 A. M. the next day he should capture their lorcha by boarding, and take his men, but would not use his great guns and so injure my property. The next morning—Sunday—he sent me word that the Portuguese had not delivered up the murderers, and that he should attack the lorcha at 10 o'clock, and he requested me to keep all Americans in doors. It was too late to send word to the Americans, as they would all be on their way to Church already. I sent word, however, to the British Consul that there was going to be a fight, and that I was going on board the piratical vessel, and he hurried down and went with me. The pirates were getting their arms in order when we went on board, but were civil to us. We went on shore again, and stood on my upper veranda to see the fight. The pirates got out their largest junk, propelled by ten or more sweeps on each side, guns unstopped, streamers flying, men at the mast-head to throw "stink-pots" (filled with a suffocating mixture) on board of the lorcha,—all the men with red turbans and sashes, and uttering a yell at each pull of the sweeps. The Portuguese were frightened, and taking to their small boat, made for the shore. The pirates then dropped anchor and followed them. There was a fight on shore and five or six wounded and two killed. As soon as the pirates got back to their junk, I went on board and attended to the wounded. One of the pirates had a

spent small shot in his eye, entering behind the iris and being visible through the pupil. We were not molested.

The next spring, a Portuguese corvette, the "Don Joan," and about twenty lorchas came in and anchored in a line between us and the city. We sent to the man-of-war's commander to ask his intentions. He assured us he had not come to open hostilities, but to discuss with the Chinese officials the trouble of the preceding year. What was our surprise, then, when he and his lorchas commenced firing balls at the Chinese vessels, and musketry at every Chinese who showed himself. Several of our neighbours and acquaintances were killed before our eyes. One ball went over the city wall half a mile, entered the window of a room where two women and a young girl were embroidering, killing the young girl instantly. I never saw such a disorderly fight, nor such confusion and uproar as was on board the corvette. That afternoon, the British Consul and I went into the city, and called upon the Mandarins. The Portuguese had demanded several thousand dollars ransom. The British Consul was very much excited, and promised that a man-or-war should be brought down from Shanghai to interfere and settle matters. Sir John Bowring, the Governor of Hong Kong, and our Minister, the Hon. Louis McLane, were both at Shanghai at the time. I wrote to Mr. McLane, who advised me to tender my friendly offices as mediator; but neither of the plenipotentiaries wanted to meddle, or had power to send a man-of-war. I had already told the Taotai that I knew that our United States Minister would

be glad to do all in his power, but I could not promise a man-of-war.

The next morning a boat with a number of officers from the U. S. S. "Powhatan" arrived at my house. One had a despatch from Captain McCluney, U. S. N., addressed to me. I sent a reply giving a statement of our affairs; one of the officers took my reply at once to Chinhai, where the "Powhatan" lay (drawing too much water to get up the river), and by sunset a launch with a field piece and a force of sixteen men arrived. Mrs. McCartee was sick in bed with a fever, and could not understand the tramp of the sixteen men, nor the clank of their pieces upon the pavement under the window, but I had to leave her alone, and was almost at my wits' end to provide quarters and provisions for the men and officers.

The result of this opportune visit was to make the Portuguese take their vessels out of our branch of the river, and greatly diminish their prestige, while it greatly increased *our* (American) prestige and popularity. When the warlike matters had been peacefully settled, we had a pleasant visit from the officers, and the men had a holiday on shore, the only casualty being the death of one seaman by sunstroke. Of course we showed our sympathy, and gave our aid to the families of our poor neighbors, who had been killed on account of the quarrel of pirates and free-booters, in which they had no interest; but as the Ningpo people, who were a peaceful and amiable set, said, if there ever happened to be a row, the Ningpo people were always the "slice in the sandwich."

XIV

CONSULAR EXPERIENCES AT NINGPO

HITHERTO I had never formally taken the style and title of consular officer, never used an official card or title, nor an official sedan chair, although I was acting as United States Vice-Consul for Ningpo, and our consuls at the other ports addressed me, and sent business to me as such. I had a United States flag in my house, but had never put up a flag-staff. The consular business was only occasional, although there were several important cases. At one time several Chinese hoisted an imitation of the American flag, and with a false sailing letter obtained through an American citizen at Shanghai, tried to enter their luggers as American vessels. I did not hesitate to take away their flags and confiscate their registers, which I sent to the United States Commissioner, the Hon. Humphrey Marshal. Then "beach-combers," who had broken into a Chinese money changer's shop, severely wounding some of the shop people, when the British Consul arrested them, claimed to be American citizens, though from their speech and their answers to my questions, it was quite evident to me that they were not Americans. I sentenced them to thirteen months' imprisonment, and to pay the costs of court, but was obliged to get from the British Consul permission to keep them over night

in H. B. M.'s consular prison. The next morning they were gone, having succeeded in getting out of the British gaol, and were never seen again in Ningpo.

Another case was that of a man who had run away with a Chinese lugger from Shanghai. The United States Consul at Shanghai sent down a deputy marshal with a warrant, which I endorsed, and told the deputy marshal where he would be likely to find the man he wanted. He went, and on his return reported to me that the man was armed, and resisted arrest. I put on my cap and went to the sailors' drinking saloon with the deputy marshal, who pointed out to me the offender. I said, to the marshal, "Produce your warrant," which he did. "Well, arrest him." He stepped forward, but the culprit drew a large knife. I immediately sprang between them and, grasping the offender by both arms, told him sternly, "Don't be a fool. This will go against you. Give me that knife." He looked me in the eyes for a moment, and then in a subdued tone of voice said, "I'll give you the knife, Sir." I took the knife and handed it to the deputy marshal, from whom I took a pair of handcuffs, and put them on the prisoner's wrists. He shed tears, but made no resistance, and was then marched with the deputy marshal to the latter's boat, and started for Shanghai. Before the United States Consul at Shanghai, the accused proved, by the admission of the Chinese owner, that the latter had taken oath before the Consul that he had sold and received the money for the lugger, in order to get an American sailing letter for her in the name of the sailing captain; but after this had been done, the captain drove the un-

fortunate owner off the lugger and took possession of the boat. Of course the Consul's decision was against the Chinese on his own testimony. The "captain," two or three weeks later, called at my place at Ningpo and left a basket of live pheasants for me, with his compliments.

Some other cases far more sad also came under my cognizance. One was a bright but wicked young man, who deserted his ship at Shanghai, and after a short but vicious course became very ill. The Chinese, who are superstitious and afraid of having the ghost of a stranger haunting their houses, turned him out into the streets to die. Dr. Parker, a Scotch medical missionary, took him into his hospital, and he and the other missionaries prayed with him and tried to do him good spiritually. Finding him getting near his end, they sent for me in my official capacity. As soon as the young man saw me enter the door of his ward, he said earnestly, "Doctor, is this death?" I answered, "Charles, you are very ill, and if you have anything to tell me, you had better do so now." I had a long conversation with him, and he told me of his (deceased) mother, of his sisters, and grandmother, who from his own account, seemed to have been a pious family. Before I left him, he asked me to pray with him. I answered, "No, Charles, the missionaries have counselled you and prayed with you. You must knock at the door *yourself,* and must not rely upon the prayers of others to save you." I told him that he knew that it was "a faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners";* he added "of whom I am chief." I bade him good-

bye and the next morning when I went to the hospital he was dead. I cut off a lock of his hair and put it into a Bible that one of the missionaries had given him. I buried him in our Mission burial ground and wrote officially to his uncle, a reputable merchant in New York. When, a year afterwards, I was in New York, I called upon Charles's uncle, and gave him the Bible and lock of hair. The grandmother was anxious to see me and talk about her grandson, but I knew that it would afford her no comfort, and it would have been more than I could stand.

I knew of another sad case—that of a young man who had a pious mother and relatives in the United States. He was sentenced by the United States Consul to a term of imprisonment in the consular gaol. He was sick, and I went to see him, and then told the consul that the prisoner would probably not live more than two weeks; and suggested that he be allowed to come out of prison, and board at the house of the United States Marshal and be in his charge. When first committed to prison he wrote to his mother not to be anxious about him, as he had secured a *situation under the United States Government!* After his death, one of the missionaries wrote a sympathizing letter to the young man's mother, but received no reply, except through the Consul, to whom a clergyman wrote, asking who this missionary was, and what he had done with the property which the young man must have died possessed of, since he had been in the employ of the United States Government! There were other cases of runaway sailors in dire need,

some of whom requited the kindness shown them by robbing their benefactors.

One day I received a note from H. B. M.'s Consul, telling me that seventeen foreigners, in small vessels under the British flag, had been levying blackmail from Chinese fishing boats, and had burned a Chinese village. They had been captured by one of H. B. M.'s men-of-war, and brought into port, but as neither he himself,—although he had been for several years a resident at Ningpo,—could speak the colloquial dialect, nor could his interpreter, he asked me as a favor that I would act as interpreter in the case. These lawless fellows had done so much of this blackmail and piracy that all of the foreign residents were very glad that so many of them had been captured and brought to trial. The British Consul and I were old friends, as I had attended his family as physician, so that it would have been hard for me to decline; especially as he said it would only take one afternoon. It took, I think, five days; and towards noon on the fifth day, the prisoners claimed the right to be defended by counsel. H. B. M.'s Consul assented, but asked whom they could get to act as such. They asked that I should do so. I protested that there were reasons against my doing so; but I yielded to the urging of the Consul and his assessors. After a few minutes' conversation with the prisoners, I commenced by referring to the fundamental principles of British law, that a man must be considered innocent until he was *proved* to be guilty, and that there were several kinds of evidence. I admitted that there was ample evidence to show that the criminal acts alleged

had been committed, and that there were reasons to suspect that possibly, some of the accused had taken part in them. These facts and suspicions not only fully justified, but made it the duty of H. B. M.'s Naval Commander to arrest and bring to H. B. M.'s Consul the suspected persons. But that, although the acts of violence were admitted, there was no evidence to prove that the accused, or any of them, had actually participated in those acts; and I suggested that in the failure to identify the accused as the guilty parties, there was the possibility that some other party might be the really guilty persons. (I did not mention *some* of the acts, for I was myself convinced that the accused had committed them.) When the court was cleared, and all but H. B. M.'s Consul and the two assessors had gone out to consult together, Bishop Russell rather reproached me for helping the rascals. The British Captain said, "Why I was surprised at your speech, although I cannot say it was not a perfectly fair one; but I thought that your sympathies were with the prosecution." "So they were," I said, "and I hope the guilty men will get what they deserve; but a rogue has his rights, and you have no right to hang a man for murder, if he can be proved to have committed an assault and battery." The result was that they were acquitted on some of the charges and sentenced on some of the others to a tolerably long period of imprisonment.

XV

NANKING AND THE T'AIPING REBELS

IN the month of April, 1861, the U. S. S. "Saginaw," Capt. Schenck, U. S. N., came up the river to Ningpo, bringing me a letter from Flag Officer Stribling, U. S. N., telling me that he wished to send a man to Nanking upon important public business, and that he wanted an American citizen who was well acquainted with the Chinese written and spoken language; that he had been told that Dr. S. Wells Williams, Interpreter and Secretary of the United States Legation at Peking, being absent in the United States, there did not appear to be any other American in China who could answer the requirements; that in case of my being willing to do so, he had given Capt. Schenck authority to wait 48 hours to enable me to make my arrangements, and then bring me to Shanghai. At first I hesitated, as it was the most favorable time of the year for missionary work; but as the business was represented to be very important, and there seemed to be no other American citizen available, I took my Chinese teacher and my Chinese servant boy, and started in the "Saginaw" for Shanghai, leaving my wife and Dr. Fish, U. S. Vice-Consul, in my house at Ningpo. The "Saginaw" was a side wheel steamer, built at San Francisco,—the first U. S. man-of-war to come up the Yung River to Ningpo.

On reaching Shanghai I went at once on board the flagship "Hartford" and reported to "the Commodore," as we familiarly styled the Flag Officer. We were too democratic at that time to have Admirals, Rear-Admirals, etc., in our Navy. The first duty assigned me was to have official copies made, in both Chinese and English, of the Treaty that had been made with the Viceroy Keying, at Canton, on July 4th, 1844. The original copies of this Treaty had, (we privately learned), never been forwarded to Peking; but had been burned up, or otherwise destroyed, in the Viceroy's official residence. I copied the English version from a printed copy for the Flag Officer, (who in the absence of our Minister, Mr. Ward, was acting as Charge d'Affaires) to sign; and had the Chinese text handsomely copied and certified to as correct by the highest Chinese official at Shanghai. My next duty was to prepare in Chinese the draft of a despatch purporting to be from our Charge d'Affaires forwarding the documents. I then submitted my work to Flag Officer Stribling, who approved of it, and ordered me to take the documents to the Viceroy Sü, who was then in Shanghai, having been driven out from his own Yamen at Nanking by the T'aiping, or "long-haired" rebels, who were then in possession of that city. About a week or ten days were taken up with this business, after which we left Shanghai on our way to Nanking and "beyond."

The squadron consisted of the flagship "Hartford," Flag Captain Lowndes, U. S. N., the U. S. S. "Dacotah," a screw propeller corvette or frigate, Capt. Radford, U. S. N., and U. S. S. "Saginaw," Capt.

Schenck. The former lieutenant of the "Saginaw," Lieut. Waddell, U. S. N., who was a Virginian, had left the ship at the breaking up of our civil war, and was afterwards commander of the Confederate cruisers "Shenandoah" and "Stonewall." On board of the "Dacotah" I found Paymaster C. C. Jackson, U. S. N., and on the "Hartford," Paymaster Gibson, U. S. N., whose wife I had known as a member of my father's church in New York.

We steamed down the Hwang-pu River, passing the town of Woosung on the Woosung River, where the latter empties into the Hwang-pu, and into the Yang-tsz, with its wide embouchure and its islands; and the same day reached the city of Chin-kiang, which is situated on the Yang-tsz nearly opposite the mouth of the Grand Canal, which was used for transporting the rice or grain in which the taxes were collected. Chin-kiang is the city which, in July, 1842, was taken by the British forces, after a brave but ineffectual resistance on the part of the Manchu troops, who, when the British succeeded in taking possession of the city, killed their wives and children and themselves, so that of a population of four thousand Manchus not more than five hundred survived. It was afterwards captured by the T'aiping rebels in 1853, who, after having utterly destroyed it, evacuated it in 1857, but again took possession of it, as it was considered to be the key to the navigation of the Yang-tsz. The next morning after our anchoring at Chin-kiang the Flag Officer went on shore, taking me as interpreter. My friend, Paymaster Gibson, a tall, fine looking man, went with us. Captain Loundes

had brought from Hong Kong as his personal servant, a Cantonese boy, who, when the ship was at Amoy, was comparatively useless, being unable to comprehend the Amoy dialect any more than his master did. The Captain feared that the Flag Officer would find that he had made a mistake in bringing a man from Ningpo to act as interpreter in provinces at such distances from that city. The Paymaster felt some friendly anxiety on my account, and therefore came with us, keeping close to us, until we reached the gate of the city, but as soon as the military officer in charge of the gate, in response to my enquiry if we could enter the city, replied courteously and gave us permission, my friend was quite relieved of his anxiety.

The rebels had been again attacked by the Imperial troops just a few hours before our arrival, and had been defeated. The city and its suburbs were in ruins —battered and burned. Dead bodies of men recently killed were lying about in all directions, some with and some without heads. Chinese soldiers were running about with drawn swords; one of them with a bloody blade in one hand, and a dripping head held by the hair in the other. We stayed there but a few hours, and then steamed on up the river until we came to anchor near a fort in the possession of the T'aipings, at the mouth of the creek leading up to Nanking, or the "Heavenly City," as the T'aipings called it. Their chief, the "Heavenly King," had his capital there, and a large army was encamped outside the city walls. By the orders of Admiral Stribling, I took one of the boats with a coxswain and five men, and landed about a hundred and fifty yards from the fort. I

there left my men, and walked up to the gate. The rebel soldiers on the walls gazed at me, but seeing one of the gates open, I walked in before they could keep me out, as they tried to do, as soon as they perceived my intention to enter. My knowledge of Chinese stood me in good stead, and I called for their commander, who, however, could not be disturbed. Finding one who seemed to have authority, I told him that we were Americans who had come on business with the "Heavenly King" and wished to send officers to have an audience with him. I said I would thank him to have a guide and passports for five officers ready at 9 A. M. the next day, and asked him to send word to the "Heavenly City" to have four horses, and one official sedan chair in waiting for us at the landing place at the North Gate of the city. Admiral Stribling had showed me the draft, in English, of certain stipulations which he wished to get the "Heavenly King" to consent to and to have sealed, under his "Heavenly Seal." I read the draft, and the Admiral did me the honor to ask if I wished to make any suggestions. I said that, if he would allow me, I would suggest that the stipulations guaranteed non-molestation and protection to United States citizens engaged in trade, but said nothing that would include United States citizens who were missionaries. The Admiral then said, "What would you suggest? Write it down." I wrote a guarantee also of non-molestation and protection to all United States citizens engaged in preaching, teaching, or healing the sick, and to all in their employ or under their protection. The Admiral said, "Put it in, Sir." I then, with my teacher,

whom I had carried with me, put the document into Chinese; and while he was making a fair copy, I went on shore and strolled through the rebel camp. A filthier set I never saw or imagined. It seems to me that almost every one of them was covered with pustular itch. There were Chinese women not a few. Some of them rode on ponies, and the most of them carried blue cotton umbrellas. There were stalls with articles of all kinds for sale. I had heard the chaplain on board the "Hartford" express a wish for some of the best quality of "India Ink" for his daughter in the United States, and I bought some beautiful large cakes of it, of very handsome shapes and designs, with which the chaplain was very much pleased. I did not buy anything for myself except a piece of almagatholite, a stone which foreigners call soapstone, which is carved by the Chinese, particularly at Fuh-chow, into vases and other ornamental articles, and which I afterwards put to good use. I was not able to go to see the famous porcelain tower, or nine-storied pagoda, which the T'aipings had wantonly blown up, but some of our officers went and brought back white porcelain bricks and green tiles as mementoes.

The next morning Captain Lowndes, Captain Garland, of the U. S. Marine Corps, Lieut. Law, and Paymaster Gibson left the "Hartford" in one of the ship's boats and called at the fort, where we found our passports and a guide waiting for us. The pull was between four or five miles; and on landing at the North Gate of the city we found the horses and the official sedan chair in readiness. After our passports

were examined we were permitted to enter the gate and were directed to an apparently recently fitted up building where a Council of State was sitting. On being ushered into the Council room and seated, tea and betel nut were offered us. I then arose, bowed to a tall, good-looking rebel, handing my Chinese (unofficial) card, and told him that we had come by the orders of the United States Admiral upon some important business; and that to facilitate matters I had had the matter translated into Chinese in the document which I had the honor then to hand him. The members of the Council seemed to be all of them from the province of Kwang-si (where the rebellion commenced). One of them was a young man, the son of the "Heavenly King"; the others were middle-aged with their heads unshaven, the long queues hanging down their backs, and dressed in gorgeous silk robes, fashioned after the dress of the Ming Dynasty. They all, except the Prince, were styled Wang (kings or ruling princes). The one to whom I addressed myself was called Moh Wang. He spoke the Mandarin dialect fluently, and interpreted for the others, who spoke the Kwang-si dialect. After they had consulted together, Moh Wang asked me if I were a foreigner or a Chinese. I looked at my clothes and asked him if I looked like a Chinese. He said the clothing was no criterion, as many Chinese wore foreign clothes. So I told him that we were foreigners, and Americans. He asked if I could read Chinese. I said that I could: whereupon he asked me to read the paper and explain it to the Council item by item. The others stood around, and he gave them my readings and explana-

tions. After reading the whole, they objected to the wording of one of the stipulations. I explained their objection to Captain Lowndes, and asked if he did not think I might venture to slightly modify the wording of the sentence referred to, as it could be done without changing the sense. He thought I might, so I asked Moh Wang to take the pen and put in the characters he wished substituted. But after trying once or twice, he handed me the pen, and asked me to do it myself, which I did, much to the surprise and delight of the "kings." We wanted to go, but they asked us to stay to dinner. I did not want to do so, but Captain Lowndes said he would never have another such chance, and so we stayed. The Council stood up, and the young Prince "asked a blessing," and we sat down at two tables. I told Moh Wang that I thought he would be interested to see our ships, and the "Hartford's" big guns. He said he would come on board if I would come on shore with him with one of our boats at 9 A. M. the next day; which I promised to do; and then we said good-bye, and got safely on board of the "Hartford." The city was like the desolation of many generations; but the lofty city gates, wide streets, and heaps of ruins left room for us to believe that it had been as great and highly adorned as Chinese history records it to have been.

XVI

FROM NANKING TO HANKOW

AFTER the T'aiping officers had gone on shore, the "Hartford," "Dacotah," and "Saginaw" got under way and steamed up the Yang-tsz until sunset. The Flag Officer determined to leave the "Hartford" until we returned from Hankow, in order to save coal, and to take only the two other ships to Hankow. Early the next morning I went on deck, wishing to go on shore and attempt to get the country people into friendly intercourse with the officers and crew of the "Hartford," so that they might go on shore for exercise and to procure fresh provisions. It was rainy, and the river's banks were high and steep, and no village was in sight. After a while, I got a passer-by to come near the bank, and then told him that I wanted to go on shore to their village. The officer of the deck let me have a boat and men to pull me to the bank. I held up my hands to the countryman, who pulled me up to the top of the bank; and I sent the boat back to the ship. I went with the countryman half a mile or so, quite out of sight of our ship, until we reached a house which we entered and I had a talk with the people, whose dialect was near enough to the official dialect to enable us to talk together without difficulty. I told them that we were Americans and friendly disposed; that we were going

to leave our largest ship there for ten or fifteen days and that the men might come on shore to drill or exercise, but would not harm them; on the contrary, they would prevent the "long haired" rebels from molesting them; that any fresh provisions they had to sell, our men would pay them for. They said that they had been plundered by both Imperialists and rebels, and that they could not spare anything. They brought me some tea and some cakes; and I heard one of them tell another, "you eat and drink a little at first, so that he will not fear to do so." I laughed, and told them I was not afraid that they would give me anything bad. Some of them accompanied me to the bank, and a boat from the "Hartford" took me off. When I reported to the Flag Officer the result of my visit he had his baggage shifted to the "Saginaw" and I followed him. We bade good-bye to the "Hartford" and steamed towards Hankow.

En route we stopped at Kiukiang, a city on the southern bank of the Yang-tsz close to the outlet of the Poyang Lake, upon which, at Kin-teh-ching, are made many kinds of the celebrated Chinese porcelain. It is also in a region whence come some of the best Chinese green teas. It had been destroyed by the T'aiping rebels in February, 1853, and the people had not yet found courage to return in any great numbers, as the rebels were still in possession of quite a number of places on the Yang-tsz. It had been partly rebuilt, and had, in my eyes, rather an attractive look.

There had been some misunderstanding between the native authorities and the Cantonese compradores of an American firm at Shanghai. Admiral Stribling

sent me on shore to try and settle the matter, which I fortunately succeeded in doing very soon. When we stopped at Kiukiang on our way back to Nanking, the compradores showed their appreciation by sending on board some fresh *shad,* which, somehow, went to the wardroom mess and was highly appreciated.

A member of a firm in Shanghai was a guest of Captain Radford on the "Dacotah," and afterwards made me an offer of $3,000 per annum simply to look after their Chinese employes at Kiukiang, leaving me all the time I wished to carry on my medical missionary work; but I declined with thanks. I thought it was not advisable for a missionary to be directly or indirectly engaged in making money; for even though it might possibly do him no harm, it would certainly be misrepresented and would be an example that might do harm to others.

We passed a number of places on the river, where the Imperialists and the "long haired" rebels were firing at each other on opposite sides, but neither party showed any disposition to oppose our passage.

Hankow, ("Mouth of the Han,") is a town on the north side of the Yang-tsz, at the junction of it with the Han River. Opposite, on the south side of the Yang-tsz was Wu-chang-fu, the capital of the two provinces Hupeh and Hunan, and now the seat of a viceroy. As a precautionary measure against the rebels the city gates were closed, and could not be opened except by express orders from the viceroy. There was also a stockade enclosing the city gate, garrisoned by a force of Tartar troops who had not been at all friendly to missionaries, or to other for-

eigners from Hankow. I was ordered by Flag Officer Stribling to deliver a message to the viceroy, saying that our Chargé wished to call upon the viceroy the next morning; accompanied by a party, sixteen in all, of American naval officers. Accordingly I took the Flag Officer's barge and its crew of seven sailors, and we rowed up to the jetty just below the picket; leaving my men in the boat, and taking the Flag Officer's official card (in Chinese characters on red paper) in my hand, I ran up towards the gate of the picket enclosure, which I saw was open. The Tartar soldiers also ran to close the gate, to prevent my getting in; but I had managed to get my arm and right shoulder in between the gate and the post, and called out in Chinese for their officer, at the same time holding out "Admiral" Stribling's red card. They seemed as much surprised as the Roman Centurion was to hear the Apostle speak Greek. My men, meanwhile, fearing that I was going to have trouble, came running up from the jetty, but the officer had made his appearance, and I delivered my card and my message, requesting that if the Viceroy could conveniently receive the "Admiral" and his party, he would kindly provide a large sedan with eight bearers for the "Admiral" and a sedan with four bearers for each of the other officers, to be in waiting at 10 A. M. the next morning at the jetty. This was done as we requested, and we were not only politely treated, but the visit was also returned the day after, with all the necessary salutes on both sides. The Viceroy also sent the "Admiral" four oxen, and four barges of coal as a present.

The "Dacotah" had her swinging boom out, and as one of the coal barges came alongside, one of the Chinese boatmen took a "chain painter" with a hook on the end, and tried to hook it around the swinging boom. He did not appear to remember that the river current was running very swiftly, and as the chain "paid out" the barge was carried down stream by the current very rapidly. His leg got caught in the bight of the chain, and was taken off above the ankle. Our surgeons, Cowes and Banby, were at once on hand to amputate, but were unable to proceed until the sufferer was persuaded that the operation would not pain him at all; he finally consented to allow me to hold his limb, while Dr. Cowes administered chloroform and Dr. Danby performed the operation. We had to leave the man in charge of the surgeon of H. B. M.'s ship "Snake," which was lying at Hankow. On board the "Dacotah" a subscription was made up for him amounting to $80. We heard afterwards that the patient made a good recovery, and that several other Chinese with bad legs had applied to have them amputated also, hoping perhaps to get as many dollars as our patient did.

The "Admiral" took the "Saginaw" and went into the Tongting Lake, some distance further up the Yang-tsz. There he sent me on shore with a polite message to the Prefect of Yoh-chau-fu. The city had lately been devastated by the rebels, and I had to go on the city walls until I came in sight of the Prefect's yamen. Mr. Nelson, of Shanghai, who was a guest of Mr. Radford on the "Dacotah," went with me. The Prefect was a Manchu Tartar, and seemed very

glad to receive our visit, particularly when he found that I knew several Mandarins of his acquaintance. We did not remain long enough for him to return our call; and the lake had not yet been surveyed and the soundings seemed to vary irregularly; so the Admiral turned back, and we spent another day at Hankow and Wu-chang-fu, and then, with the "Dacotah" went down the river, picking up the "Hartford" en route, and came to anchor off Nanking. Here I went on shore again to exchange with the rebel chiefs our copies of the stipulations, which we had made with them two weeks before.

As I was not allowed to use the United States Legation seal (our Minister being accredited to the Chinese Imperial Government), I took the piece of "soapstone" I had procured, and had my name, nationality, and literary title cut upon it in the seal (or ancient Chinese) character with which I stamped our copy of the stipulations, and exchanged them for the rebel copy with the stamp or seal of the "Heavenly King" upon them. I confidently calculated that the rebels would not be able to decipher the ancient characters more than just enough to make out something about the United States of America. It might have been embarrassing if they *had* been able to make out the style and title of a simple American A. M., named Mah. The rebels at Nanking showed such a degree of illiteracy that I made the venture, but felt much relieved when I handed the Admiral their copy of the stipulations, stamped with the royal seal of the "Heavenly King."

At Nanking we took on board the Rev. Mr. Bon-

ney, of the A. B. C. F. M., who had travelled overland from Canton to Yohchau, reaching there just after the "Saginaw" had left for Hankow.

On our way back to Shanghai we met with no unusual occurrence except when a Chinese junk which, owing to the strong tide in the lower part of the Woosung River, had become unmanageable, struck with her mast one of the "Hartford's" boats, damaging it and breaking the mast in two.

I was kept at Shanghai for a few days longer as the medium of communication between Admiral Stribling and the Viceroy of Nanking. The latter had many questions to ask me about the rebels. Then the Admiral, having accomplished his business, sent the "Dacotah" to Hong Kong, and gave orders to Captain Radford to take me to Ningpo on his way. We anchored at Chinhai, where I was put ashore with my teacher and boy, and thence made my way up to Ningpo, glad to have had a pleasant trip full of incidents and to find all well at home.

XVII

ATTEMPT TO REACH CHEFOO

IT had so happened that there had been a disagreement between the British Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, and the Chinese high officials, which had resulted in a fight at Taku, where the British, not knowing the preparations made by the Chinese to receive them, had suffered a repulse. Two or three of their gun-boats were sunk, the Admiral, Sir James Hope, was wounded, and quite a considerable number of those under his command were killed or wounded. It was at this time that Commodore Tatnall, U. S. N., who, with his squadron lying at anchor in the offing, seeing that those of his "own blood" were faring badly, made the exclamation since so frequently associated with his name, "Blood is thicker than water," and sent in a small steamer which towed out the British boats, and prevented greater slaughter. While Commodore Tatnall was going in person to call upon Sir James Hope on this occasion, his own coxswain was killed by shot from the Chinese.

The "Nora," on which we were embarked, met a merchant vessel outside of Chefoo and learned of the fight at Taku, and also of the fact that all the foreign ships had left Chefoo, and anchored off some islands some five or six miles from that port. We found three British opium ships and one American ship

(loaded with beans) at the islands. The people of the islands were unfriendly, and indisposed to furnish either water or provisions for the ships. I told Captain Williams that if he would allow one of the Lascars to put me on shore I would do what I could to get into communication with the natives. He strongly urged me not to attempt it; but seeing that I was determined, offered me his new six-barrelled revolver, which I, however, declined with thanks, telling him that in case the people were brave it would be of little use in the crowd; and that, in any event, I had a dislike to carrying a pistol when going in a missionary capacity! So he let me have a Lascar and the "dingy," and I went ashore; sending the men back to the schooner. In my pocket I had a few Christian tracts and took with me also a copy of an illustrated work in Chinese on anatomy and physiology. Hearing the unmellifluous sounds of Chinese schoolboys droning over their lessons, each trying to drown the voice of the others, I went in their direction and found a boys' school at the entrance of a village. The teacher put himself in the doorway to prevent my entrance; but as he drew back to return my polite salutation, I slipped in past him, apologizing at the same time for being so rude, but told him that I had a book which I wanted to show him. I opened the anatomy and explained some of the illustrations. Some of the scholars went and brought their fathers; and we were soon on friendly terms. They told me, however, that they had not had rain for seven months, and were therefore not well able to spare any water for our ships. When I was going back I invited them to come on board the

ships the next morning, which they did. We treated them hospitably, giving them biscuits, bread, etc., and making them presents of pencils and foreign writing paper, so that they left us feeling very friendly, and said that they would be very well pleased to see us at their village; but if any of the "*black devils*"—as they called the lascars—came, they would kill them. After a week or more, during which we were unable to effect a landing at Chefoo, Captain Williams got orders to return to Shanghai. The "Nora" was a slow sailer, and the weather was cloudy, so that we had to sail by dead reckoning, but at last reached Shanghai safely. I started immediately for Ningpo, crossing the Bay of Hangchow in a boat which combined accommodation for passengers and the transportation of pigs, but suffered no further hardship than the long tramp barefooted across the soft, muddy flats until I reached the canal leading to Ningpo.

I had learned something, although not a great deal, about the climate, soil, productions, and inhabitants of the Shangtung province. It was three years after this that I was really able to reach Chefoo. Whether I threw away my time or not on my first trip, I do not know. Sometimes when we have toiled all night and taken nothing, in His own time, the Master comes and tells us to "let down the net on the right side of the ship," and then we are rewarded for our night of toil. Possibly one or two of the Christian tracts may have been like good seed that has fallen upon good ground, either on those islands, or may have been carried to the main land, and eventually may have brought forth fruit unto life eternal.

XVIII

SECOND ATTEMPT. CHEFOO

MY next trip to Chefoo was in July, 1852. Mrs. McCartee had been quite ill during the preceding summer and through the kindness of my life-long friend, Mr. Robert M. Olyphant, we were enabled to go to Yokohama, without expense to the Board, an account of which I have given elsewhere. The summer of 1862 was still very trying, the thermometer often standing at 100 degrees Fahrenheit for several days together. I had engaged a passage for Mrs. McCartee and myself to Chefoo in a little French brig, the "Marie." The Captain gave up to us his own stateroom; but as one of the mission families at Ningpo with a sick baby, also wished to take passage for Chefoo, Mrs. McCartee and I gave up the Captain's stateroom to the mother and child. Everything on board the "Marie" was on a small scale, but quiet and orderly. She had been sailing in the warm regions of Tonquin and Java, and during the first night out we were awakened by a sudden "whirr," as innumerable cockroaches rushed over our faces. Mrs. McCartee sat up and fought them with a couple of towels, while I thrashed away with whatever I could lay my hands on. Fortunately the weather was mild, and for the next four nights, I slept on deck. As we neared the mouth of the Harbor of

Chefoo we met another ship coming out, and hailed her to ask the news. The answer was "Cholera of a fatal kind has broken out in Chefoo, and there is no foreign physician, nor any medicines to be had there." But there we were for better or for worse. Chefoo was at that time a filthy place, consisting of fishermen's huts, storehouses, and a few adobe buildings, used for warehouses or for mules, by which everything was transported into the interior. There was not a Chinese family or a decent woman in the place. There were some English merchants, and a few others, Englishmen, in the service of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. All these lived a short distance outside of the dirty streets. Mrs. Holmes, who had been attacked with cholera, recovered and did good service for several years afterwards at Tungchow. Mrs. Smith and Mme. Bonheur died of the cholera almost before the physician could reach them. Mrs. Smith was very active in ministering to the sick, but her state of health was such that I had earnestly begged her husband to bring her away from Chefoo, because if she were attacked by the cholera, she would surely succumb. She came down on the third day and died that night. About six days later I received a note from Mr. Nevius telling me that Mr. Gayley had been attacked by cholera at Tungchow, and asking me to come up. I started immediately. The most of the other missionaries came with us, being unwilling to stay in a place fifty-four miles from a physician. We had to pass Mr. Gayley's house on our way to that of Mr. Nevius, and learned from Mrs. Gayley that her husband had been buried

that morning. Mr. Nevius apologized for not giving me time to eat or drink, or even to wash my face or hands, saying that there were five among the missionaries and their children, who were then lying ill with cholera. All recovered, however, with the exception of one child of four years of age. The rest were mercifully kept in good health during the summer, and the cholera at last ceased; but not until at almost every house one or more Chinese had died. Whole villages throughout the country were depopulated. The people said that it was worse than the rebels; for there was some chance of running away from the latter, but not from the cholera. While the cholera epidemic lasted, it was very, very sad to hear, in the middle of the night, a sudden cry, like the cry in Egypt, from houses where some member of the family had died. The mortality in and about Chefoo amounted to one-third of the inhabitants.

In the early part of 1863 we were joined at Chefoo, by Mr. and Mrs. H. Rankin, of Ningpo, who, on my recommendation, had come up to Shangtung, to see whether in a more favorable climate, his health and strength would not sufficiently improve to undertake the long voyage in a sailing vessel to America. As we were living in a very poorly built house, the floors being made of clay and lime beaten down hard and smooth with rushes spread above, and quite unsuitable for an invalid, we took him to Tungchow. He gradually faded away, however, and died quietly on the 2nd of July.

I found it at first very difficult to get a lot outside of Chefoo, but at last, in 1863, I succeeded in leasing

one in the village of T'ung-shin, three quarters of a mile from Chefoo, on which I built a small one-storied house of four rooms. The villagers at first were distant and indisposed to be friendly. According to their local customs, no male person could enter his neighbour's house until the women were sent out of the way, nor could any man speak to or take notice of the women whom they might pass walking in the street, or washing clothes in the brook by the roadside. In cases of severe or sudden illness, however, an exception was made in favor of the physician, and at such times I found the women quite as free and ready to talk to the doctor as they are in other countries. As the Chinese are very subject to sudden and violent attacks of gastralgia, which I found it easy to relieve speedily, I soon became acquainted with many of the people in the village. After a little while we found the people generally kind and obliging; and we found religious enquirers often manifesting openly more feeling and of a sense of sin than I had ever been accustomed to see in Middle China. When we left to return to Ningpo two years after, several of our neighbours actually shed tears.

In January, 1864, the Rev. Messrs. Hunter Corbett and Calvin W. Mateer, with their wives, came up from Chefoo to Shanghai, after a tedious and most uncomfortable voyage from the United States. A few miles to the east of Chefoo, their ship ran aground at night, and they had to get to shore as soon as possible. They spent the night upon a heated brick couch, such as are used in northern China and Siberia, and reached our house the next morning. Our Board

has seldom sent out a more efficient reinforcement than these four. Mrs. Corbett had been a missionary teacher in the service of the Board among our American Indians. She was still young, studious, and of a most lovable character. Mrs. Mateer was equally conscientious and efficient, and was universally beloved. Mrs. Corbett died in Chefoo on March 10th, 1873, leaving two children. Dr. Mateer, assisted by his wife, established a boys' school, which has since been styled a college, and several "professors." Several of its graduates have been taken into the Chinese Government service as surveyors, etc. Dr. Corbett has, from first to last, devoted himself principally to preaching and itinerating in the province of Shangtung, and his labours have been signally blessed in the hopeful conversion and baptism of more than a thousand persons.

The foreign commerce at Chefoo rapidly increased. It is the farthest north of the treaty ports of China which vessels can enter during the greater part of the winter. The Gulf of Pechili is closed by ice from the last of November until the 10th of March, and all communication or travel between Shanghai and Pekin in winter has to be via Chefoo, overland to Tientsin. I became acquainted with several of the masters of the foreign vessels which called at Chefoo. One of these was a pious Scotchman, almost all of whose crew came from the same place in Scotland as himself. He had a notice posted up in a prominent place in the ship forbidding the use of profane language, and if his men did not do their duty promptly, he used to threaten "I'll tell your mithers." I had an in-

formal Sunday service at my house to which I invited sailors from the ships, and others who might be disposed to meet with us. This gradually led to an open service, conducted by an ordained minister, when one was present, and at other times by myself. This service was attended by my friend, H. B. M.'s Consul Morrison, and one or two merchants, together with some sea captains and sailors; and in the course of two years we erected a small but well-built chapel on Beacon Hill. One day a Swedish Captain whom I knew entered my house, accompanied by a foreigner dressed in Chinese costume. He proved to be the Rev. W. C. Burns, a very fearless and earnest missionary, whose name is not forgotten by those who are interested in foreign missions in China. He was the young licentiate who supplied the pulpit of the Rev. Murray McCheyne, of St. Peter's, in Dundee, under whom such a remarkably Pentecostal season took place. A few years before his visit to Chefoo, during the T'aiping rebellion, Mr. Burns had been arrested as a spy, and sent to Canton in chains by the Chinese. Now, he said, the Lord had sent him to Peking to lay before H. B. M.'s minister, Sir Frederic Bruce, the matter of the persecution of the Chinese Christians in the Fuhkien Province. So intent was he upon his mission, that he refused all invitations sent him by the missionaries at Tungchow to visit them, lest he should lose thereby a chance of getting a passage to Tientsin. I never saw a professing Christian who so uniformly, among all sorts of people, witnessed such a good confession.

While I was living at Chefoo, I had to go to Tung-

chow as a physician a great number of times. Once I travelled all night, but owing to a sudden violent storm of rain, the rivers were so swollen that I had to wait several hours until the floods had gone down sufficiently to allow the mules to swim across. At another time the muleteer allowed his mules to get away from him and they ran at full speed. Knowing that we were certain to go to wreck in a swamp which was in the road, I chose a favorable moment and took my chance of jumping from the shafts over the back of the front mule; fortunately I alighted without being hurt. Again I could hire only a donkey, and felt so sorry for the little animal that I walked a greater part of the fifty-four miles. Generally we stopped over night at an inn, sleeping on the "kang," or brick stoves, and eating the Chinese food, which was more like our home diet than that of Middle China. These inns are like caravansaries, built around a court in which the mules and donkeys were kept, making the night hideous by their braying.

After a year Mr. Corbett and I organized a church at Chefoo, to which were transferred a number of the native Christians from Tungchow. In 1865, by request of the Ningpo Mission, I returned to that place to take the general oversight of the mission work in the Tong-hyiang district, which had become more extensive in my absence. With the help of some of Dr. Bethune's friends in the United States, I leased and fitted up a chapel for the church at Baokotah, and in 1870 the Sunday School in Pittsburgh connected with the Alleghany Presbyterian Church, sent a very handsome large bell to the "Bethune Chapel," so that for

the many years the heathen and the Christians in Tong-hyang alike have been notified by the sound of our beautiful bell, that "this is worship day."

While residing at Chefoo, I was surprised to receive a commission from the Hon. W. H. Seward, United States Secretary of State, appointing me United States Vice and Acting Consul. On its receipt I put the commission into my desk, and wrote to the Consul General at Shanghai, through whom it had been forwarded, saying that there was only one American citizen at Chefoo besides myself, and at Tungchow, fifty-four miles distant, a few American missionaries and American ships, entering the port of Chefoo owing to the war; and that as the acceptance of the appointment would confine me to the office, and interfere with my medical missionary duties, I begged respectfully to decline the appointment. But a controversy had arisen between some of the members of the mission, and the Chinese authorities, with reference to a house that belonged to a Chinese widow. The Hon. Anson Burlingame, at that time United States Minister to Peking, was much embarrassed by the complaints from the Tsungli Yamen, or Foreign Office, and immediately notified the Chinese officials of my appointment, and suggested that a Chinese officer should be deputed to coadjudicate with me the matter in dispute. Mr. Burlingame notified me of this arrangement, and almost at the same time I received a despatch from the District Magistrate at Tongchow, whose wounded servant I had formerly treated, informing me in very friendly and courteous language, that he had been appointed by the Tsungli

Yamen to act with me in settling the matter in dispute. In reply I expressed the pleasure that I felt in being associated with such a courteous and scholarly officer as himself. When we met I told him that our respective forms of procedure in the examination of witnesses, etc., differed so widely, that it would be very difficult, if not quite impossible, for us to arrive at any settlement that would be satisfactory to the parties concerned. I therefore suggested that we each appoint a referee, and bind the parties we represented to abide by their award. This was agreed to, and the award was given much more in favor of the missionaries than I had ventured to hope it would be.*

* The correspondence on this subject will be found in the United States Foreign Relations for 1866, and the case was pronounced by Mr. Burlingame to be one of the most difficult cases he had ever met with.

XIX

JAPAN

WHILE I was in the house of Messrs. Lowrie and Williams at Macao in 1844, Dr. Williams had with him some seven Japanese who had been wrecked on Luzon and the N. W. coast of China. C. W. King, Esq., of the firm of Talbot, Olyphant and Co., had, in 1837, taken them in his ship, the "Morrison," accompanied by Mrs. King, Dr. Peter Parker, and Dr. Williams, to Japan, hoping to be allowed to land the sailors in their native land. In this hope, however, they were disappointed, for they were fired upon, and neither they themselves nor the castaways were allowed to land. [Cape King, of the charts, was so named from this visit of Mr. and Mrs. King.]

Dr. Williams was working at the Japanese language with the help of some of these men; though, of course, at a great disadvantage, as they were illiterate; yet it familiarized him somewhat with the people and language of Japan, and, in a measure, fitted him for the post of interpreter to Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, which he afterwards filled with so much credit. One of these Japanese went as servant with Mr. Thom to Ningpo, when the latter was appointed H. B. M.'s Consul at that place. After his master's death, poor "Iwa" suddenly disappeared, and it was

generally supposed that he had met with a violent death.

In the city of Tinghai, on the island of Chusan, in the year 1844, I one day saw a crowd gathered around a group of dark-complexioned men at the police headquarters. On inquiry I was told that they had been landed by some vessel; but that nothing further was known, or could be learned about them. I expressed the opinion that they were probably Japanese, some of whom I had heard had been brought over from the Pacific Coast of North America, in the U. S. S. "St. Mary's." Knowing of Mr. Thom's Japanese servant, I suggested that they be sent to Ningpo; which was done, and they were afterwards, through the kind assistance of Mr. Thom, sent to Nagasaki by the Chinese Mandarins.

In the spring of 1850 the Magistrate of Ningpo, in accordance with instructions from the Lieut. Governor of Hangchow, sent a request that H. B. M.'s Consul Hague and myself would come to his office, and assist him in ascertaining the nationality of certain foreigners who had been shipwrecked on one of the islands of the Chusan group, but who they were, and whence they came, nobody seemed to know. The British Consul, who arrived at the Magistrate's office before me, had come to no definite conclusion; but thought that the men might be Loochooans. The Magistrate said that they were the stupidest men he had ever seen, and that the only word that they had uttered that he could understand was "Ningpo." The subject of an expedition to Japan was just then being discussed in the United States, and I too had

taken the pains to read up all that I could find on the subject. When the men were brought in, and prostrated themselves before us, taking my cue from the Magistrate's "Ningpo," I said to them "Nippon! Goto! Nagasaki!" The words acted like magic. Leaping up, they caught hold of me, and began repeating what were apparently the names of their native places. The question of their nationality being thus established, I requested the Magistrate that some of the men might be allowed to go to my house with me for a day, and I would ascertain as much as I could of their history. This was cheerfully assented to; and although they were so illiterate that they knew no Chinese characters (which are also largely used in Japan), yet with the assistance of a vocabulary prepared by Dr. Medhurst, and by the use of gesticulations, I learned their names, as well as those of their parents, and of their native villages; what their occupation was; how long since they were wrecked in the typhoon; how many were saved in the boats, etc., etc. The Chinese officials were much pleased with the result, and the men were sent to their homes via Nagasaki. Twelve years later I made inquiries there regarding them, but could learn nothing. I trust that they were not punished for going to a foreign land, as their going was quite involuntary on their part.

XX

FIRST ATTEMPT TO REACH JAPAN

IN 1854 our Missionary Board wished to send me to Japan as a pioneer, and our treasurer, Mr. Wm. Rankin, the Treasurer of the Board, suggested to the Department of State that I be appointed as a Consul to Japan, representing to Secretary Marcy that I had for several years been discharging the functions of U. S. Consul in China, and moreover was a physician and not a clergyman. But the Secretary objected on the ground that I was nevertheless a *missionary,* and the Government was at that time anxious to avoid objection from the Japanese on religious grounds.

On being made aware of the wishes of the Board in this matter I watched for an opportunity to visit Japan. It was at the time of the Crimean War; and the year of the terrible earthquake in Japan in which it was reported that in the city of Yedo (now called Tokyo) alone 14,000 persons had perished. During the tidal waves that accompanied the earthquake, the Russian frigate "Diana" had been sunk in the Harbor of Shimoda, and several hundred officers and men left stranded on a foreign shore. Hearing that a German merchant vessel had been chartered at Shanghai to go to Japan as a storeship for the Anglo-French fleet, I bade good-bye to my wife, and taking a medi-

cine chest with some clothing and a few necessary articles started by the shortest route across the country to Shanghai, where I lost no time in arranging with the German captain to be taken to Japan and landed at Shimoda, Nagasaki, Hakodate, or any other available port. But the French Admiral, learning that the German captain had agreed to give me passage, forbade it on the ground that I was an American, and Americans were supposed to be pro-Russian in their sympathies at that time. So I had to return to Ningpo by the way I had come.

I next attempted to induce a Ningpo merchant to send his schooner to Japan on a trading voyage with me as passenger or supercargo, but the reports we had received of the unfriendly attitude of the Japanese toward all trade and foreign intercourse discouraged the merchant, and he gave it up; and so perforce did I.

XXI

MY FIRST VISIT TO JAPAN

THE summer of 1861 proved to be an unusually sickly one at Ningpo, and both my wife and myself were seriously ill. My good friend R. M. Olyphant, Esq., of Shanghai, put it in my power to take a voyage to Japan in order to recruit. Accordingly we left Shanghai in the latter part of November in a small American brig, the "What Cheer," which was bound to San Francisco via Yokohama. There were on board the "What Cheer," besides ourselves, the Rev. Dr. S. R. Brown, Mrs. E. C. Bridgman, and several other passengers. The voyage was a tolerably comfortable one until we had passed sufficiently near to Odawara Bay to see the snow-covered top of Fujiyama standing like a cone of polished silver above the watery horizon; but that evening a violent N. W. gale commenced to blow, and although we were near enough to Vries Island (Oshima) to see the flashes from its volcano, we were obliged to put about and run out to sea again, and did not get back and let go our anchor at Yokohama until ten days afterwards: by the end of that time we were on short allowance of water, and had been living during the past week upon bread, potatoes, and sardines, as our captain had laid in but a scanty supply of provisions. In all the many voyages which I have made I have

never had a more trying one; and we landed in Yokohama, in a weak and dyspeptic state, from which it was several weeks before we recovered entirely. We anchored at Yokohama on a bright, sunny morning, a few days before Christmas. The luxuriant evergreen foliage on the bluffs gave a quite unwintry appearance to the scene, which was not at all diminished by the sight on board a Japanese junk of a sailor at work stripped to his waist cloth. A few evenings after this, although a light snow was on the ground, I met five Japanese, as completely divested of clothing as the sailor was, trotting along, all five abreast, and keeping time to the tinkling of a bell in the hand of one of them. They seemed to be undergoing some sort of penance.

We went first, as a matter of course, to the home of our friends Dr. and Mrs. Brown, who, with Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, the Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Ballagh, and Mr. and Mrs. Goble,* were living in a group of buildings in the Jobutsuji Temple in Kanagawa.

After a few days I rented a house for three months, and commenced house-keeping in Japan. Prices and wages were far cheaper in 1861 than now. I paid my cook and his wife between four and five dollars a month, (they finding themselves), and my *betto,* or horse-boy, for wages, and horse feed, six dollars a month. A horse seemed to be a necessity, the only other modes of getting about being walking or going by boat. When we went to the weekly prayer meeting at the Jobutsuji at Kanagawa, we had to go a

* Mr. Goble had been a marine on one of Commodore Perry's squadron.

couple of miles, more or less, in a native boat, and when we were going from the jetty at Kanagawa the guards or police at the jetty would sometimes put on their swords and convoy us across the Tokiado,—the great thoroughfare between the western and eastern capitals (Tokyo, and Saikyo or Kyoto,) travelled by the Daimyos and their retinues; for sometimes foreigners had been cut down by the two-sworded followers of those Daimyos, who were hostile to the opening of Japan to western nations. None of our missionaries had been attacked or injured, excepting Mrs. Hepburn, who when returning with Dr. Hepburn and other missionaries to the Jobutsuji in Kanagawa, was struck a very severe blow upon the shoulders by a club in the hands of a ruffian who came behind her in the dark. The blow was doubtless intended to strike her head, but though the injury was painful for some time, it did not prove serious.

When we got into our own hired house at Yokohama, I went to the Custom house to get our baggage, which had been stored in the Custom house godowns (or storehouses), and finding no one there who understood the English language, took a piece of paper, and with a Chinese pencil or brush, wrote in Chinese my name, country, and profession, and my purpose to remain a while in Japan, and that the trunks, etc., were personal effects only, and not merchandise for sale. Three Japanese men came forward, who had been linguists or interpreters of the Chinese at Nagasaki, and who spoke in the Chapu dialect, with which I was quite familiar. These men were anxious to learn English, and from that time came to my house

in the evening, two or three times a week, for that purpose. One of them in particular was very willing to do anything in his power to show his appreciation of the favors. Our Superintendent of the Mission Printing Press at Shanghai, William Gamble, A.M., was anxious to make a set of matrices for a font of the Japanese *hiragana* characters, and had given me a block of yellow boxwood, ruled for the purpose of getting the characters cut in Japan. This my Japanese scholar got done for me; and just before I left Yokohama he came at night disguised and without his swords, and gave the block to me, remarking that it might cost him his head if he were discovered.*

There were in Yokohama, in 1861-62, besides myself, three men, English and American, who professed to be Christians and willing to do anything in their power for the spiritual benefit of the Japanese. We tried to compose a short tract in Japanese, but when we translated it back into English we found that it sounded so little like what we intended that we were discouraged. Moreover, it was contrary to the established regulations to circulate Christian books, or for Japanese to have them in their possession under penalty of death. A missionary from China, passing through Yokohama, distributed a number of Chris-

* Ten years after this when I went ashore at Nagasaki with the Chinese judge of the Shanghai Mixed Court on our way to Tokio in reference to the three hundred Canton coolies who had been rescued from the Peruvian ship "Maria Luz," my old Japanese friend was there and asked the Chinese judge if he knew a man named McCartee. The judge, turning about, pointed me out to my quondam friend in Yokohama.

tian tracts (in Chinese) in the vicinity of Yokohama, but they were all collected and brought to the U. S. Consul, with an official complaint against such an infraction of the Governmental Regulations. Some Japanese from the country wandered, out of curiosity, into the Roman Catholic Church in Yokohama and were kindly treated by the French priest, who showed and explained to them the pictures that were on the walls. They were all arrested and thrown into prison; and it was only after some months and strong remonstrances on the part of the foreign envoys, that they were finally released. Some years after this Dr. Hepburn removed to Yokohama, opened a dispensary, and was not interfered with in distributing tracts. Those which he distributed were in the Chinese language which, of course, were only intelligible to those who had a very high education, but they were much sought after, and he imported several thousands from Shanghai.*

* The one which he hoped the most from was the "Easy Introduction to Christian Doctrine." It had a very extensive circulation in China, where it has gone through a great many (25 or 30) editions, and is still a standard tract. It has also been translated into the Korean language, where the missionaries *sell* their tracts. Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn executed a version of it in Japanese, and had it copied in manuscript in the "*Majiri*," or mixed Japanese and Chinese characters. The translation was amended and published in Japan afterwards, both in *Majiri* and in Roman letters, by the British and American Tract Societies. The title has been changed into "Makoto no Michi no Hayawakari," or "The Way of Faith Familiarly Explained," under which it has gone through several more editions.

Our U. S. Commissioner, the Hon. Townsend Harris, was at Yedo, the only foreigner residing there at that time. The British, Dutch, and French representatives, thinking that the Government was not willing, or had not the power, to protect them, had removed to Yokohama for an indefinite period. Mr. Harris, however, considering it his duty to do so, remained in Yedo.* No foreigner could at that time go to Yedo, except on an invitation from Mr. Harris, or from one of the other representatives, but Mr. Harris (whom I had known before he came to Japan), having invited the Rev. Dr. S. R. Brown, Rev. Dr. Pitkin, a visitor in Japan, and myself, all Americans, to spend a week with him at Yedo, we started together in the morning from Kanagawa, on horseback, with our *bettos,* and escorted by a mounted guard of six armed *yakunin,* or officers. We travelled by the Tokaido (Eastern Sea Road), crossing the Rokugo River near Kawasaki in flat ferry boats, and reached the Zempukuji † in about five hours. We found Mr. Harris safe and well. In the evening Mr. Portman, the interpreter, came over from his side of the temple, and spent the evening with us. He said that he had not ventured to leave his own quarters at night, even to go to Mr. Harris, in some two or three months. The Legation was filled with "crowds of two-sworded men, who lived in the very grounds and courtyards," who, Mr. Adams says, "were mere spies,

* See Francis Ottiwell Adams' "History of Japan," Vol. I, p. 131.

† The name of the old temple in which Mr. Harris was residing.

almost useless for defensive purposes," and were even part of a system of persistent isolation to drive the representatives away from the city, preparatory to an attempt to rid the country of every single foreigner." The British Legation linguist had been murdered in January, 1860; the American Legation Interpreter, Mr. Heusken, had been cut down, and murdered in January, 1861; a little more than twelve months before the time of our visit. Mr. Harris was a devout and consistent Episcopalian, who read aloud on each Sunday the services appointed for the day.* The next day I excused myself to my hosts and fellow guests, and started early for Kanagawa, escorted by four two-sworded mounted officers, and reached the end of my journey safely. The following day I learned that a message from the officials had reached the United States Legation, a few minutes after I had left, requesting Mr. Harris, for weighty reasons, not specified, to abstain from taking his usual ride that morning; and upon his manifesting an unwillingness to comply without any reason being assigned, it transpired that Ando, the daimyo, or prince, of Tsushima, who had shown himself favorable to the maintenance of foreign relations, had been assassinated. He, however, recovered in the course of a few months, but, like the late Prince Iwakura, after a similar experience, soon retired from the post which he had held as Minister of Foreign Affairs. †

* See "Townsend Harris," by Griffis.

† The account of the repeated attacks upon the British Legation at Tokyo and at Goten Yama, and the withdrawal from Yedo of Mr. Harris's successor, Mr. Pruyn,

Mr. Harris's fearless, persevering, and successful efforts for the opening of Japan to Western intercourse were not characterized by any selfish obstructiveness, so far as concerned the interests of other nationalities than his own. On the contrary, he rendered to H. B. M.'s Envoy, Lord Elgin, every facility in his power, and put his official interpreter, Mr. Heusken, at Lord Elgin's service. His friendly services were appreciated, and graciously acknowledged by H. B. Majesty, who sent to Mr. Harris, in token thereof, an elegant gold watch. Mr. Harris also rendered the same service to His Prussian Majesty's Envoy, Count Eutenberg, and it was in returning from a gathering of Japanese and Prussian officials at the Prussian Legation that Mr. Heusken met his death.*

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on account of the burning (in part) of the U. S. Legation, and warnings received threatening attack, may be found in F. O. Adams' "History of Japan."

* When I first went to Japan I did not take a pistol with me, but after arriving there I found that every man among the foreigners—almost without exception—carried a pistol, and I was strongly advised to do so also. I heard of a pistol, being for sale in a store in Yokohama, and bought it. It was a large navy six-shooter, with an ivory stock, and I found that it had belonged to Mr. Heusken, who had been dining at the Prussian Legation, and being in full dress, had ventured to leave his pistol at home. Being unarmed when attacked, he was cut down and fatally wounded, a few months previous to my visit to Yedo. Mr. Heusken's grave is at the temple called Korinji, or Jigenzan, on the left bank of the little river Furukawa, not far from the site of the former English Legation in the Takanawa suburbs of Tokyo.

In April, 1862, the steamer " Scotland " came from Shanghai. Her flag had been recently changed by the Chinese owners from the American to the British flag for fear of capture by the English, but the captain was an American. There was great excitement at that time owing to the affair of the British steamer " Trent," which our Admiral Wilkes had stopped to take from her the confederate emissaries, Slidell and Mason, and war, it was thought, would certainly be declared. H. B. M.'s Minister induced the Japanese authorities to take away the " Scotland's " Inland Sea pilot, together with her ship's papers and would only give her a sailing letter to Hong Kong direct. The British merchants would not give her any cargo, nor would the British insurance companies insure her. The steamer was mulcted fifty pounds sterling for each seaman shipped on her articles, although they had all been re-shipped before H. B. M.'s Consul at Shanghai, and it was not illegal for a ship flying the British flag to have an American captain.

Lady Franklin, widow of Sir John Franklin, the lost Arctic explorer, and her niece, Miss Craycroft, wished to go in the " Scotland " to Shanghai, and we too had determined to go in that vessel. As she had left her sails at Nagasaki, we went there, but she was refused a passage through the Inland Sea, and had a very rough passage outside. At Nagasaki we spent two days making the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Verbeck, and renewing our old acquaintanceship with Bishop Williams, and reached Shanghai comfortably in due time.

XXII

PROLONGED RESIDENCE IN JAPAN, 1872-1880

IN 1870 the Hon. George F. Seward, United States Consul General at Shanghai, came to Ningpo with Mrs. Seward, and stayed a few days at my house. The interpreter to the Consulate General had died, after a lingering illness, and Mr. Seward asked me to take his place. I declined with thanks, but went up to Shanghai, and got up the arrears of the Chinese correspondence, and recommended as interpreter an American clerical missionary who was a very fluent speaker of the colloquial dialect of Shanghai. In 1872 at the recommendation of the Presbyterian Board, I removed with my family to Shanghai, to act as editor for the Presbyterian Mission Press. The regular interpreter of the United States Consulate General was absent in Europe on leave, and at Mr. Seward's request I took the interpreter's place in the Consulate, and also acted as United States Assessor (or co-judge, as the British Assessor was styled) in the Mixed Court. At that time, a Peruvian vessel, the "Maria Luz," with 300 Chinese coolies, on her way from Macao to Peru, was driven by a typhoon into the harbour of Yokohama. Some of the coolies jumped overboard and swam to H. B. M.'s ship "Iron Duke," Captain Arthur (from whom Port Arthur has since been named,) and appealed for help

and rescue. The cruelties practised upon the Chinese at the Chincha Islands had become known at that time. After a consultation with the British and American Charges d'Affaires, the Japanese authorities interfered, and rescued the coolies. I represented to the Taotai at Shanghai, that the Chinese Government ought not to allow these 300 men to remain a charge to the Japanese, but should send over at once an officer or officers, and bring back the coolies to China. The Taotai memorialized the Viceroy at Nanking. The Viceroy, although a native of Kwangtung, had apparently never had his attention called to the subject before, but when he learned about the Macao coolie trade, and about the 300 coolies from his native province, he at once sent down orders that the Chinese judge of the Mixed Court should go to Japan and receive the coolies, and that I should be asked to go with him as adviser. I was very glad to accept the appointment, and took with me my family and went with the Judge in the steamer "Costa Rica." The Japanese Vice-Consul at Shanghai also came with us. It had been some centuries since an envoy from China had been sent to Japan; and the Japanese authorities treated us with great distinction. They lodged the Judge and myself in the Enriokwan (where the Duke of Edinburgh had been entertained, and where General Grant was afterwards entertained). We had several interviews with H. E. Soyejima, President of the Gwaimusho, or Department of Foreign Affairs. We accomplished our errand successfully and speedily; and after the coolies had been safely received at Shanghai I received a handsome gold medal and the

following complimentary letter from the Chinese authorities:

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL
SHANGHAI, February 10, 1873.

Dr. D. B. McCartee,
Yedo, Japan.
Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that I have received from His Excellency Shen Tan Tai at this port, under date of 28th ultimo, a dispatch—accompanied by a golden medal presented to you through His Excellency, the Superintendent of Trade, for the Southern ports, in acknowledgment of your valuable services as Adviser and Interpreter to the delegate Chen Foh Hyen who was sent to Japan in 1872 to receive the Chinese coolies who were rescued from the Peruvian vessel "Maria Luz" in the harbor of Yokohama.

It is gratifying to me to be the medium of conveyance to you of this attention on the part of the Chinese Government and I take the opportunity to record in the name of humanity and civilization my own appreciation of your earnest attention, ability and wise discretion exercised in connection with an event which will stand prominent in the annals of Japan and China as a measure in the interests of civilization and one in derogation of a nefarious traffic in the bodies of human beings under the garb of emigration.

I will be pleased to convey to the Chinese officials such response as you may deem appropriate in acknowledgment of the receipt of the medal named which accompanies this dispatch.

It will please you to know that the delegate Chen has received a promotion from Peking as a reward for his careful action under the charge entrusted to him.

I am, your obedient servant,

O. F. BRADFORD,
Vice Consul General.

Dr. Verbeck was then adviser to the " Mombusho," or Department of Education, and the Director of the High School, afterwards the Imperial University of Tokyo. At his advice the Educational Authorities appointed me professor of law and natural sciences in that school, at a salary of $200 gold per month. This salary they increased several times until during the last three years it amounted to $320 per month, with a house. During the presidency of Mr. Hatakeyama I also did quite an amount of extra work in arranging the Botanical Garden at Koishikawa, in organizing the Library, in collecting specimens of Natural History to be sent for exchange to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and in acting as foreign adviser to the Normal School for females. Mrs. McCartee and I were always treated with distinguished consideration by the officers of the Educational Department, and on leaving Japan we received many beautiful presents. I was so fortunate as to get on particularly well with the students. Some of them, owing to the sneers of other foreigners, were at first disposed to speak disparagingly of Christianity and especially of the doctrine of a personal God; but the evidence of *design,* as shown in my lectures on biology, etc., was so convincing to them all, that finally a student of one of the higher classes told me that all his class believed in a personal God.

I resigned my position in the Tokyo University after the death of Mr. Hatakeyama, and returned to China in April, 1877, where I was called upon to discharge the functions of Vice-Consul General, Assessor of the United States in the Mixed Court, and to

be in charge of postal affairs in the United States Consulate General. I found all these duties too onerous and overwhelming, and was glad to resign all these appointments, and to accept the appointment of Foreign Adviser to the Chinese Legation to Japan with the rank of Secretary of Legation.

One of the Envoys, Chang Sz'kwei, was an old friend at Ningpo. Several years before, he had wished me to teach him English, and when I asked him why he wished to study the English language, he said, to be able to read our scientific books. I advised him not to attempt it, as he was between fifty-five and sixty years of age, but offered instead to give him lectures on chemistry and physics. He accepted my offer, and for a long time came three evenings in the week to my house. We worked together until a late hour. He made very fair progress in the elements of Western science, and induced the guild of which he was one of the officers to purchase a foreign steamer to be used in conveying the junks carrying the Imperial tribute to Tientsin, in order to protect them against pirates. The "Paoshun" was taken into the Imperial service when the T'aiping rebels were ravaging the ports on the Yang-tsz river, and in that way Mr. Chang became an officer in the Imperial service. We used to correspond after I went to Tokyo; and in one of my letters to him I expressed the opinion that the Chinese Government ought to have a representative in Japan, and that he should obtain the appointment of Chinese Consul General. I left Japan during the year after this and was in the United States Consular Service in Shanghai. While

I was so employed, Their Excellencies Ho and Chang were appointed Minister and Vice-Minister, or Envoys, to Japan, and upon their arrival in Shanghai, Mr. Chang called upon me to propose that I should accompany them to Japan as adviser to the Legation. The engagement was to be for three years and the salary 400 taels per month. With the consent of the U. S. Consul General, I accepted the appointment.

Upon arrival at Nagasaki I learned of the envoys that their whole suite consisted of some eighty persons, and I suggested that I should go at once to Yokohama in a steamer that was just about leaving Nagasaki, and make arrangements for the accommodation of the Legation. This their Excellencies approved of, and I started immediately. Upon reaching Yokohama, I went at once to Tokyo, and going to the Foreign Office, announced the speedy arrival of the Chinese envoys, and arranged with the officials that a building * near the railway station at Yokohama, where H. I. J. M. stopped when he went to Yokohama, should be set apart for their use. When the "Haian" arrived in Yokohama I went on board at once, and the next day went with the Envoys and their Secretary of Legation to Tokyo, and introduced them to the officers of the Foreign Office. In looking for a place for the Legation in Tokyo, I found that some Chinese in Japan were interfering and trying to make money out of any bargain that I attempted to make. A certain Japanese came to us and proposed to rent to us a temple with its outbuildings, situated where the Shiba Kwankoba, or bazaar, now is. I im-

* An Imperial "rest house."

mediately sent him down to Yokohoma with a note to the Secretary of Legation, asking the Secretary to consult with H. E. Mr. Ho, and if H. E. thought well of it, to come up *alone* the next morning and go with me to the proposed location and that if he liked it, he and I should decide to take the place and pay down some bargain money, and secure the place. He did so, and we took the place, thus outwitting the middlemen.

The Embassy brought from China two men as interpreters who had been for a short time in Japan in business, but they proved so incompetent that I had not only to act as interpreter for the Minister, but for a considerable time I had to translate into Chinese all the French title deeds and correspondence relating to the Chinese residing in Yokohama.

As I had all along anticipated that a controversy would arise between the Chinese Envoy and the Japanese authorities with regard to the jurisdiction of the Loochoo Islands, I went around among the old book stores in Tokyo, and bought up every book or map I could find, and studied them carefully. His Excellency joked me about my studiousness and advised me to take life easy. I told him that I had been a student all my life, and that study had become a second nature to me. The Loochooan commissioners came to the Chinese Envoys to ask their aid in preventing the Japanese Government from abolishing the laws of Loochoo and displacing their king and officers and substituting Japanese officials in their stead. The Chinese Envoys were so indignant at the high-handed usurpation and discourteous utterances of the Japanese that His Excellency Ho wrote a very

sharp despatch to the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs—which he showed to me. I suggested to His Excellency that if he sent that despatch to the Japanese officials they would at once send a force to Loochoo and take absolute possession of the Islands; but His Excellency having been used to the tedious temporizing in the diplomatic discussions at Peking thought that the Japanese would not resort to such measures while the subject was still under discussion, and refused to recall the despatches. The Japanese, however, did as I had predicted, and His Excellency then asked me how it was that I *knew* that the Japanese would do this. I replied that I had not heard that they would do so, but that it seemed to me most natural that they would do so. His Excellency threatened to haul down his flag and leave Japan, and for a time it looked as if there might be war between the two countries.

Meanwhile General Grant, who had been in China, and had been asked by Li Hung Chang to mediate between China and Japan, arrived in Japan with Mrs. Grant and his son, Col. F. D. Grant, and the Hon. John Russell Young. The Japanese merchants and people in Tokyo decorated the whole city in his honor, and Messrs. (Baron) Hachisuka, Shibusawa, and others as a committee, met him at Shimbashi—as did a Committee of the American residents in Tokyo, of which I had the honor to be chairman. Our committee co-operated with the Japanese merchants' committee, who asked me to correct the English version of their address of welcome and read it to General Grant at the Railway Station—which I did.

General and Mrs. Grant were taken to the Enriokwan, where they remained until they visited Nikko. The Americans held a grand fete or levee at the Seiyoken at Ueno, and almost every American resident in Tokyo, including the United States Minister Bingham, and many from Yokohama and the officers of the United States ships of war, were presented to General Grant by the chairman.*

I saw, perhaps, more of General Grant than did most of the Americans in Japan. He spoke to me of the dispute between China and Japan, and said he was not sufficiently acquainted with the history and geography, etc., of the Loochoo Islands to act as mediator or arbitrator. I took to him a Japanese book, the "Okinawa Shi," or History of Okinawa (the main or great Loochoo Island) and told him that both sides seemed unwilling to give way; but that while I deprecated war I could see no way to compromise unless it were by drawing a line at the southern extremity of Okinawa and another at the most northerly of the Mujishoshima, or Yayeyama Islands, leaving a strait of some sixty miles of sea between them, and that although such a division was unfair, I could see no other way to compromise. This seemed to him to be as reasonable an arrangement as could be devised and he suggested it. But the Japanese would not take it into consideration. A document purporting to be a true history of the Loochoo Islands was afterwards

* This evening party is erroneously said to have been given to General Grant by the Japanese. "History of the Empire of Japan, for the use of visitors to the Japanese section, etc." Translated by Capt. Brinkley. p. 401.

published in Mr. House's "Tokyo Times" (the authorship of which was attributed to a high Japanese official and intended to influence General Grant), which contained statements professedly taken from the "Okinawa Shi," but so garbled that I felt that my relations to the Chinese Government made it my duty to correct them. Accordingly I published a series of letters in the "Japan Gazette" under the title of "Audi Alteram Partem," in which I gave counter statements quoted from Japanese books and maps. The books quoted by me were, some of them, very old, and the Japanese did not suppose that any foreigner in Japan knew of them. Mr. Satow was spoken of as probably the author, and my name was also suggested, but as I did not employ any Japanese teacher there was no one from whom they could learn who the author actually was until they afterwards learned from the Chinese. H. E. Ho then knew why I had been studying so carefully and had the pamphlet translated into Chinese upon which Li Hung Chang sent me a complimentary message, and the Chinese Government gave me the rank of Honorary Consul General.

Count Inouye afterwards proposed to the Chinese Government a treaty based on the suggestions I had made to General Grant, but the Chinese Imperial Cabinet were then opposed to it and the statement in the "History of the Empire of Japan" that "the weight of evidence was on Japan's side" and that by the arbitration of General Grant . . . the question was settled in Japan's favor" is incorrect.*

* Op. cit. p. 404.

XXIII

MISSION DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOLS

ALTHOUGH nothing is said in the New Testament to enjoin missionaries to establish schools as evangelizing agencies, or to lead us to suppose that schools were employed in the early ages of the Church as one means of spreading the Gospel among the heathen, yet in the great majority of instances one of the first things that a missionary attempts to do is to establish a day or boarding school. The reason seems to be that the missionary is anxious and impatient to get to work as soon as possible. He cannot preach as yet, and learning a new language is slow work; but if he can gather a number of children in a school he can, in most cases, find some Christian school book, and some native, who for pecuniary consideration will consent to teach, and explain more or less correctly, to the scholars the Christian text-books. Sometimes, often indeed, in the case of day scholars, a few cash are given each day, or a midday luncheon is given to attract scholars. They may be taught to repeat the Lord's prayer, or the Creed, or Christian hymns, which may possibly result in the conversion of parents or friends; and again, if a preaching service is established, the school children may form the nucleus of a congregation, especially if they have been taught to sing and are led by some one with a parlor

organ. The missionary can feel that here he or she is actually *doing something,* and is also *learning* something, and becoming fitted for other kinds of missionary work. Then again, when a single Christian family has been converted in a village where the people are too poor to support or hire a school themselves the missionaries have sometimes sent a native catechist and his wife and opened a day school there. The school gives the catechist employment enough to keep him from idleness, and the neighbors have been induced to attend family worship, and, by the blessing of God, a church has resulted in more than one instance. There are, however, many things disheartening at times. The scholars witness, and perhaps participate in, the idolatries, festivals, and processions of their heathen relatives and neighbors, and these, moreover, often like the Jews at Antioch, speak against the things which were spoken or taught, contradicting and blaspheming. Then again when the scholars are of a sufficient age to work for a livelihood, they are taken from school, and "the thorns grow up and choke them"; and in the cases of girls who have been betrothed to heathen husbands, when they are compelled to go through the heathen marriage ceremonies, sad suffering to the poor girls and depressing disappointment to the missionaries is very apt to be the result.

Mission Boarding Schools are, in very many respects, different from day schools. The scholars in the Chinese Mission boarding schools came almost exclusively from poor families and were boarded and clothed by the Mission; and, in the case of girls, their

parents signed indentures placing the girl in the school for a term of years, and binding themselves not to betroth the girl to any one without the consent of the superintendent of the school; but the parents were at liberty to take away their daughters upon refunding a reasonable amount for their board. The girls enter the school quite young, are comfortably fed and clothed, and are not hard worked nor cruelly treated; and when they have made a profession of faith in Christ, Christian husbands are sought out for them. The doctrines they are taught seem right and good, and they know nothing practically as yet of the truth of the saying: "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." II Tim. 3:12. Why then should they not apply for baptism to gratify their teachers and secure all these benefits for themselves? So they apply for baptism. Their conduct is good and they study well. They can answer all the questions put to them as to what is meant by believing in Christ. With regard to some there seems to be really every encouragement to believe that they are among those that are led by the Spirit of God. With regard to others, all we can do is to rejoice with trembling; for only "the Lord knoweth them that are His." The history of Miss Aldersey's school, to which I have referred elsewhere, would serve to prevent us from rejoicing too confidently.

A very important step in setting out is to provide ourselves with assistants who can in some respects help in the beginning of our work. I have spoken of my temple boys, whom Mr. W. M. Lowrie speaks of as being "very interesting and affectionate," and my

teacher as "a kind-hearted, excellent man, almost persuaded to be a Christian." One of the boys positively declined to join his family in idolatrous rites at the New Year's sacrifices, and the teacher and both of the boys were very useful in the mission for several years afterwards. I established a day school in a part of my dispensary building adjoining my house on the North Bank, which was supported for two years by the children of General Sibley, U. S. N., in St. Charles, Missouri, I think, upon the suggestion of my former friend and colleague, the Rev. A. W. Loomis, who was for a time, after he had been invalided and sent home, a secretary of our Board of Missions.

I have never been able to reconcile myself to taking into a Mission boarding school, boys to be gratuitously educated, with the understanding that, if their behaviour and progress were satisfactory, they are hereafter to be made ministers. I believe that to be a minister of the Gospel one must be *called,* and then he will not be like those of whom it is said, "I have not sent those prophets, yet they ran. I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied"; and I believe, too, that one should continue in the calling in which he is met. Our boys' boarding school at Ningpo could hardly have had more devoted and faithful superintendents than the Rev. John W. Quarterman and the Rev. S. N. D. Martin. The former, who laboured from 1846 to 1857, always lived in the school among the boys for whose spiritual good he laboured night and day. They were like his own children. He was unmarried, kept no servant, and his constant supervision, example, and persevering devotion, resulted, by the blessing

of God, in the conversion of the principal teacher and six of the elder boys. Of the six boys referred to, one grew up, and when he died two years afterwards, in Shanghai, he had served a long pastorate there. One was for thirty-two years pastor at Yuyao; and of the others, one has been, for thirty-seven years, pastor of the church at Bao-Kô-t'ah. One fell under temptation, and was deposed from the ministry; but although he never applied to be reinstated in the ministry, he lived an exemplary life, opening and closing his school with reading of the Scriptures and prayer. Twenty-five years' absence from Ningpo have made me less acquainted with the history of the rest, but I believe they have all proved to be "workmen who need not be ashamed." *

After the boys' school at Ningpo had been established, I suggested to the members of the Mission that it seemed to me desirable to fit the boys to earn their own living when they had finished the term of study for which they were indentured. Some of the missionaries, however, thought that if we fed, clothed, and gave them an education, neither they nor their parents could reasonably expect us to do more for them. I admitted that they had no right to ask us to

* At the meeting of the Synod of China in 1894 in order to commemorate the jubilee of the founding of our Mission at Ningpo in June, 1844, they organized a Home Missionary Society and sent two evangelists to carry the Gospel to the regions not yet evangelized in their own country. Several years before many of the other Missions in different parts of China have had the help of the graduates of our two boarding schools as evangelists or teachers.

do so much; but that the most of them would have been obliged, if we had not fed and clothed them for several years, to work in the rice fields, or on board the fishing junks, etc., for which their education would quite unfit them. Others of the Mission thought that we could utilize all those that graduated from the school as evangelists and school teachers, but I feared that not all of them would prove suitable men for these purposes. Finally it was resolved that letters be written to the Corresponding Secretary in New York and to our missionaries in India, asking for information and advice upon the subject. Our Corresponding Secretary, the Hon. Walter Lowrie, wrote that the question of the support of the native converts had been a perplexing one in India, and he advised that the Boys' Boarding School be not added to nor enlarged until we had more light on the subject. Just at that time the death of the Rev. W. M. Lowrie occurred, and various changes took place in consequence. Two of our missionaries were detached to form a station at Shanghai, and a re-arrangement of our operations took place, and the matter of finding employment for our boys when they had completed their term of study was left in abeyance. A shoemaker was employed in the Boys' Boarding School, and a few of the boys learned shoemaking. I helped one boy to learn the trade of a tailor, and another I took into my own house, and got a type-cutter who was doing work for me to teach him his trade. He attained such remarkable skill as to be able to cut 400 Chinese characters in one day. He cut the large Chinese characters in Williams's Syllabic Dictionary,

and with a few hints as to our methods of wood engraving, he executed the woodcuts for an illustrated newspaper at Shanghai.

One of the scholars who had completed his term at the Boys' Boarding School, I instructed in medical science, in company with a son of my teacher. The latter afterwards became a surgeon on board a Chinese man-of-war, and the former was a successful practitioner until his death, after some five or six years of practice.

These cases all occurred during the long time that I lived at Ningpo, and I paid for the instruction of two others after I left. I believe that the children of our fellow Christians ought to be helped to acquire a plain education, if the parents are poor, or if it be out of their power to get good educational facilities. We sometimes sent a catechist and his wife to a village in the neighbourhood of which there were one or more Christian households, to establish a small day school, and to act as evangelist, and the result has been in some cases the gathering of a Christian church. I do not, however, see my way clear to establish boarding schools where the children of heathen parents are fed and clothed until they are eighteen years old or more. The temptation to make a profession of Christianity in order to be made teachers or catechists—or in the case of girls, to be married to some one in the pay or employ of the Mission,—is too great a temptation to hypocrisy to subject them to.

On the whole I believe in schools, but they are like garden plots that require to be well cultivated. There will be some sad, and all the more so because unex-

pected, disappointments. It is not like the scattering of the precious seed as of wheat perchance or other grain, and going occasionally to see how much or how many of the seeds sown have taken root and what the harvest will be; but like a vineyard or garden in which every plant must be watched and dug about, pruned, weeded, and the rain from heaven prayed for; and even then "thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that"; rarely shall all alike be good. (We have no right to expect great results where a school has been got up for Brother this or Sister that, "because there is nothing else that he or she seems fit for.") The scholars may be well cared for, fed, and clothed, sheltered from sun and rain, and the winds not suffered to visit them too roughly; and yet, in some cases they may not seem to appreciate what one does for them, or they may even reproach those who have labored for their good, yet who have brought them up in such a way that they cannot live, or earn a living as their fathers did, and therefore ought, as they think, to be supported in the sphere for which they have been trained. The students may be naturally ungrateful, or they may think that we expect, in this way, to accumulate merit in a future state of existence, or are sent out and *paid* by persons in Christian lands to do the work, and therefore do not deserve any gratitude from them. Who is sufficient for these things? A special gift is greatly to be desired, but grace may make up for lack of natural ability. Nevertheless, in spite of all the difficulties and uncertainties, a single soul saved may turn out to be the means of turning many to righteousness,

and the beginning of a beautiful harvest in after years.

I think that for a missionary to train in his or her own family a single or even two boys who seem to promise to be sincere and active Christians, holds out a greater promise of future usefulness than to establish a school of 25 or 50 boys or girls whose influence upon each other is not calculated to lead them to become spiritually minded Christians, and who have been fed and cared for until they have become poorly fitted for the struggle for existence that is before them.

When I was in Shirakawa (in Japan) with Prof. Todd's eclipse expedition in August, 1887, I met a young Japanese lad who told me that he was a Christian and connected with the Methodist Church. He had studied English somewhat at a school taught by Japanese and seemed an intelligent boy who had made good use of the opportunities which he had enjoyed. I wrote to Dr. Soper, of the American Methodist Church (North,) telling him that I thought this boy would be likely to repay the expense of education at the Methodist School at Aoyama (near Tokyo) and offered to contribute towards his support. Dr. Soper saw the boy and he was taken into the school. The first year that he was in the school he gained a scholarship by his diligence and progress and through the whole course maintained a high standing and a Christian character above reproach. He always seemed to feel grateful to me for being the first to put him in the way of carrying on his education. I had exhorted him from the first not to calculate upon spending his

life in the employ of foreigners, but to fit himself for self-support, telling him that if he ever felt called to become a preacher of the Gospel there would be nothing to prevent himself from doing so after he had fitted himself for independent self-support. He has succeeded in giving satisfaction to his employers, who are large dealers in kerosene. They have employed him in their business and in their steam vessels, and have sent him as one of their confidential agents to Formosa, Vladivostock, and Odessa. He has studied the Russian language and is regular in his religious duties. I consider that he has repaid any help I have given him.

There was a boy in the Meiji Gakuin School during the time that I was there who appeared to me to be one of the most orderly in his behaviour and punctual in his attendance, walking every day from his father's house in Tsukiji to the Meiji Gakuin, a distance of between four and five miles. After I left the Meiji Gakuin his class graduated, but the teachers declined to give him a diploma. I wrote to the school authorities that the boy had been one of the most exemplary in his deportment, never having been involved in any of the disorderly outbreaks that took place in the school, and that he had always shown a disposition and an effort to do well in his studies. I said that to withhold a diploma or a certificate would be to intimate that he was unworthy of being ranked in scholarship and behaviour with his classmates, and I asked that the authorities give him a certificate as a *special student*. This they did. I think that he was a paying scholar, not a beneficiary. His father had a com-

fortable house in Tsukiji and seemed to me to be in comfortable circumstances. By my advice the young man translated into Japanese a manual of commercial letter-writing, which was published in successive numbers of a Japanese commercial magazine. He is now an agent for an Express Company at Shizuoka, whither he removed with his wife between one and two years ago. I was surprised and pleased to hear him referred to by one of the reports of the Associated Missions of the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches as one of the most creditable of the students educated in their school. He has written to me once or twice since his last promotion. I am sorry that I could never elicit from him any expression of interest in the Gospel.

With reference to missionary colleges or universities, as some of them are called, in Japan, there is in my opinion no need of supporting schools or colleges for teaching science or philosophy. The Japanese Government is perfectly able to establish and endow such institutions, and they now have a sufficient number of educated and skilful men to teach them. I do not think it is a justifiable use of money given for religious purposes to spend it to make scientists, nor do I think that those who are qualified or who feel called to carry the Gospel to the heathen and who are supported from Mission funds should give their lives to carrying on such institutions. Science will do an earnest missionary no harm and may gain respect and influence for him from those who are without it; but teaching science is not the proper calling of a missionary, and the times are much changed since the insti-

tutions called colleges, whose "professors" have not been educated as scientists, but are simply missionaries (generally clergymen who appoint themselves, or are appointed by the Mission Boards upon the principal of utilizing the materials that are at hand) can compete with the universities or colleges established and supported by the Government. To get colleges in the United States to confer the degrees of A.M. or D.D. upon their missionaries, and style them "professors," when they have no specialty unless it be theology and can only hear recitations from the text-books used in the ordinary schools in the United States, only brings contempt upon both men and schools. Genuine scientists will look upon them as quacks.

Regarding one of the colleges I have referred to—the "Anglo-Chinese College," established by Dr. Morrison, assisted by other friends of religion,—the author of "The Middle Kingdom" (Vol. II, p. 394,) says, "There is little hesitation in saying that the name and array of a college were too far in advance of the people among whom it was situated. The efforts made in it would have been more profitably expended in establishing common schools among the people, in which Christianity and knowledge went hand in hand. It is far better among an ignorant pagan people that a hundred persons should know one thing than that one man should know a hundred; the widest diffusion of the first elements of religion and science is most desirable."

The presidency of this college was conferred upon a young man who had had no experience, and the

degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the University of the City of New York, at the request of his father-in-law, who was (as I remember to have heard at the time) a man of wealth and influence in the London Missionary Society. The "college" had a brief career and was succeeded by the "Morrison School," taught by the Rev. S. R. Brown, at Hong Kong, some of whose pupils were sent to the United States and to Great Britain. In justice to the president of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, I am happy to say that he afterwards distinguished himself as the translator of the Chinese classics. He left the service of the London Missionary Society and was appointed Professor of Chinese at Oxford, England.

XXIV

MEDICAL PRACTICE AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

(1) MEDICAL PRACTICE

MY prescribing days in the Taoist Temple at Ningpo were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. My surgical operations caused great surprise and gave rise to some strange rumors. The most common of the operations was that for entropium or inversion of the upper eyelid. It was astonishing to me to see how the Chinese could endure to have all the eyelashes of one or both of the eyelids turned completely in upon the eyeball, and rubbing like a blacking brush upon the cornea; yet some of them endured this for years until the eye was completely covered with a thick film. The native surgeons used to pinch up a certain piece of the eyelid between two small pieces of bamboo, around which they wound thread as foreign surgeons do around pins in the operation for harelip suture. They left the bamboo until the lenticular piece sloughed off and the sloughing sore healed; but by this method of operating the piece sloughed off could not of course be calculated beforehand with any certainty. Sometimes it was too much, in which case the eyelid could not be entirely closed; sometimes it was not enough, and then the inversion of the eyelid would remain; in any

case there was a month or so of suffering, and sometimes without any benefit to pay for the suffering and inconvenience.

The Chinese eye is different from ours, and I found it much more easy to operate upon. With the aid of a forceps, which I had made for the purpose, I could take up a lenticular piece of the eyelid of exactly the shape and size required to suit the case and remove it by means of a pair of slightly curved scissors. Then I brought the cut wedges together and tacked them together with three stitches. I applied no plasters but simply a pledget of moistened lint; and in less than thirty-six hours could remove the stitches, and the person could use his eye without any further trouble. I can hardly form an estimate after this length of time of how many hundreds of times I performed this operation, and always with great relief to the patient.

Of catarrhal conjunctivitis I had still a greater number of cases, as well as of opacity of the cornea. The cases of cataract were almost all fluid cataract, and the greater part of them were successfully broken up and dissolved. Cases of gunshot wounds, where the ball had to be cut out; of incised wounds; cases requiring amputation of the leg, arm, or fingers; cases of dropsy requiring tapping; other cases requiring catheterism of the bladder and eustachian tube; fractures of the arm or leg; arresting hemorrhages; cases of itch, eczema, and rheumatism; also of dysentery and intermittent fevers; very many cases of chronic ulcers, etc., were treated; also several cases of elephantiasis, one case affecting both legs, each of which was as large as the patient's body. Cases of

poisoning by opium taken with suicidal intent were very frequent; although not by any means forming so large a proportion of the cases as my good friend, Mr. William Rankin, inferred (Handbook and Incidents of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, p. 44,) from the fact that the Rev. W. M. Lowrie, my colleague in the temple, referred to them so frequently in his letters to the United States. Mr. Rankin puts down the number of cases reported as treated at my hospital in one year at 2,238, of whom 302 were women. As the cases were recorded by my teacher and my assistant, I suppose that is probably correct.

In "Old China and New," Archdeacon Moule, who, with one of his catechists or fellow laborers at Tsz'ki, witnessed my practice for three months, says that the patients numbered two hundred on prescribing days; and more than once I got back home at Ningpo late at night, after walking ten to fourteen miles; for I would not let any that had come from a distance go away unattended to. Many persons have reported much larger numbers; but allowing only a minute on an average to each case, it would take three hours and twenty minutes to get through two hundred cases at my dispensary at Ningpo. I usually took from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M. on each prescribing day, and that was as much as I could do justice to. When people talk of prescribing to thousands of patients in a week I am constrained to wonder what time they had to eat or sleep.

It would have been very unfortunate had I lost a case in which I had given the patient or his friends

reason to think I could effect a cure, and I have reason to thank God that I never had a patient die under an operation or as the result of one. The Ningpo people knew that I would not deceive them and that I was not like some of their practitioners who would engage for a certain sum to make a cure of a case that they knew must necessarily be fatal, and they had confidence in me accordingly. In one case of dropsy, where the patient had been in misery for a long time, being unable to sit or lie, hardly even to breathe, I told the family: "I cannot save his life, but if you will let me tap him, he will be made more comfortable, and may live twenty or thirty days." The patient himself was anxious that I should operate, and finally his wife and mother consented. I drew off so much water that they were all surprised, and then were confident that he would recover. I told them that he could not live more than a week or two. When he did die, his wife thanked me with tears in her eyes, and said: "We were sure he would get well after you had drawn off the water, and we were so disappointed when he did die; but we are thankful that his great distress was relieved and his last days were made so much more comfortable." It did no harm to my reputation to lose such a case.

At another time I was sent for to treat a case in the country and lest I should decline to go they assured me that it was only a very short distance outside of the city and that the opium had been taken only a few hours before. But they were deceiving me, for, although I was carried by swift chair bearers, it was nearly midnight when I reached the place. Declining

the refreshment offered I went at once to see the case, and on seeing her, "why this woman has been dead several hours!" "That is true," was the reply, "but won't you bring her back to life?" I told the husband that I was not God, and could not raise the dead. A report had gone abroad that I had brought to life a person who had been dead for days. It was easy to see that the report arose from the account that some of them had heard of the raising of Lazarus by our Lord. The Ningpo people despised one who lied to accomplish dishonest or dishonorable ends, but did not consider it unjustifiable to lie in order to save life, or to accomplish a benevolent purpose; much as in other countries "white lies" are often told, and are excused as necessary for the sake of politeness.

Restoring sight by the operation for cataract, and the resuscitation of asphyxiated persons, also added to my reputation; and of these cases, one, a child, who must have been some minutes under water and whom I resuscitated, was the occasion of another child being brought to me that had been several hours at the bottom of a well. It was always a cause of thankfulness to me when a patient was cured or relieved; and of sadness when I was obliged to decline to undertake the case. Surgical operations, such as amputations particularly, were occasions of anxiety for me, for we had no chloroform or ether fifty years ago, and my only assistants were my teacher, and in cases of major amputations, Mr. Way, to whom I always entrusted the tourniquet.

On other than hospital days I visited the Chinese at their homes, confining my practice principally to the

treatment of such cases as I have enumerated; or in practising writing the Chinese characters, or writing prescriptions and directions in Chinese; or in searching to find out what articles of the materia medica I could procure from the Chinese themselves, or could compound from their own materials. By way of variety and out-of-door exercise I visited their brass foundries and iron foundries, and investigated their methods of brewing and distilling their rice wine, the fermentation of glucose, etc.

I always considered that I should have to give an account of my stewardship, and prayed for a blessing upon my endeavours. I do not believe in the theory that curing the body is to be used in the missionary work merely as a bait to gather a crowd to whom one may preach and distribute tracts, and that it is not worth while to spend time to investigate or make a careful diagnosis, though I have heard such theory and practice defended. I do not believe that gifts of healing are ever given to people who hold such views, or that they are obeying the command "heal the sick," in following such a plan. I doubt if the Great Physician can be expected to say "well done, good and faithful servant," to such a one. It may be very well where there is no surgeon or physician for one not professionally educated to pull teeth as Dr. Mackay did in Formosa, or give sulphur for the itch or sulphate of zinc and mustard to save a person who has taken opium to commit suicide; but I have personally known of fatal results from incompetent or careless practitioners, and I think it very unjustifiable in Mission Boards or Societies to attach an M.D. to the

name of any person sent out by them who has not received a thorough medical education. I believe there is just as much need of a "call" to a man or woman to "heal the sick" in the mission field as to a man to administer the sacraments. I used to add a word of exhortation whenever I could and I always made it my aim and endeavour to find some time for that purpose.

It is, I think, a mistake to appropriate grudgingly the monies necessary for medical work no the ground that that work cannot be considered directly evangelistic, or to measure the amount of converts gathered together in the hospitals and dispensaries, or in medical itinerations. Were we to reckon by such rules what would we say of the spiritual good accomplished by the Great Physician Himself by His miracles of healing? "Were there not ten (lepers) cleansed? But where are the nine?" Of the "5000 men, besides women and children," or the "4000 men besides women and children" who "did eat and were filled," how many converts or how many enquirers were the direct results of Christ's benevolent work on those occasions? He Himself testified that they sought Him not because of the miracles He had wrought upon them, nor because they desired "that meat which endureth unto life everlasting," but simply the "meat that perisheth" that they might "eat of the loaves and be filled." Following the example, therefore, of the Great Physician, who often wrought miracles because He "had compassion and would not send them away fasting lest they should faint by the way," so I believe earthly physicians should not grudge their labor to relieve the physical suffering of

their fellow creatures. Let us act in the spirit inculcated by the Son of God, our Heavenly Master, that we may be called the "children of our Father who is in Heaven, who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Moreover the opportunities for a "good physician," for administering spiritual comfort and sympathy and encouragement to the sick and the sorrowing, are, I believe, quite equal to those possessed by others whose labors are more especially those of "Ministers of the Word," and their names are just as likely to be cherished as household words among the children and children's children of the people to whom they have ministered. Let not therefore "the eye say unto the hand I have no need of thee, nor again the head unto the foot, I have no need of you," for "we are members one of another, and as the body is one, and all the members of that body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." I Cor. xii, Eph. iv:25.

Well qualified medical men willing to volunteer for the work of a medical missionary were comparatively few. Their isolation from medical libraries and medical magazines and hospitals, and from intercourse with other medical and scientific men deter them. Well educated and experienced men were in the early days classed in the same category with printers and farmers, and called "assistant missionaries." This was enough sometimes to disgust and discourage men of any professional ability or self-respect from volunteering as medical missionaries. There is, of course, nothing which would prevent an intelligent clergyman becoming a respectable and useful physician, but his

taking up another than his first calling is a presumption that he not only lacked judgment, but also makes it probable that he does not understand what medical science is and that he will not be any more successful in his second calling than in the first.

I knew one of the cheap medical missionaries educated and sent out by one of the institutions for making cheap doctors, who knew nothing of obstetrics. I was called in by him to see one of his patients, and told him at once that the only chance of life for the woman was an immediate operation. He said that he had no obstetrical instruments. I offered to lend him some; but he decided to wait until the next day. Before the next morning the patient was dead. In another case I was called to see a lady just delivered whose symptoms two medical missionaries of the kind I have just described could not understand. I at once said: "Mrs. —— has been poisoned." On making enquiry I found that her medical attendant had been treating one or more cases of smallpox. One young man thought it would only take him six months to fit him for a medical missionary. I protested to his pastor, but he came and stayed three months, and was on his way back to the United States while the officers of the Board were still canvassing Sunday Schools and churches to pay for his outfit and support. I could refer to more cases, but these are sufficient. An unsuccessful operation, *i. e.*, one followed by fatal termination, may result in very serious consequences, not only to the unsuccessful surgeon, but to the foreign community. A medical missionary whom I advised to confine his practice at first to certain kinds of

cases, thought it would be equivalent to a confession that Western medical and surgical science could not cure all kinds of cases. I replied that I thought in somewhat that way myself. He, however, determined to decline no cases, and to do his best. Whether he expected miraculous aid I cannot say; but after losing a few cases his hospital was but poorly patronized, and a prejudice existed against him for a long time.

My plan was, in serious cases, to tell the patient's friends that I was willing to do my best, but that I could not, as some of their advertising quacks offered to do, contract to make a cure for a certain sum of money paid down. I would only take charge of the case on their pledging themselves to abide by the will of God.

In one case I declined to perform an amputation at the shoulder joint, because I was sure the patient would not recover. Another practitioner who asked me to let him have it as an introduction to practice did operate with the same unfortunate result as that of the case above referred to. I have, of course, lost patients, but *never on the operating table*. Nor did I ever *faint* during or after an operation (as I have seen it said of a certain medical missionary), except once, while I was in college, and before I became a medical student. It was often trying to my feelings to be obliged to inflict suffering with the knife, upon those in whose cases it was absolutely necessary, in order to save life or relieve severe suffering, especially as this was before anæsthetics had been introduced into medical practice, as I have said, and the patients had in some cases to be tied down. I

never saw chloroform used until May, 1861, when I saw it used in the case of an amputation of the leg of a Chinese by the U. S. Naval surgeon on board the "Dacotah" while we were lying off Hankow.

Twelve miles or so from Ningpo, at the foot of a range of low hills, separating it from what was called Sanpoh, or Region North of the Hills, was the walled city of Tsz'k'i. It was neat, orderly, and aristocratic, and many of its inhabitants were connected with large business firms in Ningpo. The residents (like those of Chinhai) had not forgotten the capture of the city, and the disastrous defeat of the Chinese by the British troops in 1841, and for other reasons were very averse to allowing foreigners to get a foothold in the city. The Rev. G. E. Moule, who succeeded Bishop Russell upon the latter's death, requested me to call upon the mayor of Tsz'k'i with him and persuade him to bring some pressure to bear upon the people to cause them to withdraw their opposition. I said, "Don't you think it would have a better effect if we could win the people over by kindness?" He replied, "Yes, but how?" I told him that if he would furnish medicines and hire a shed in the neighbourhood of the city I would go once a week with his brother, Rev. (afterwards Archdeacon) A. E. Moule, and prescribe; and I felt confident that in that way we could gain an entrance into the city. It was agreed to make the trial, and the shed was rented, medicines provided, and placards posted announcing that we would visit the place once a week for prescribing. Archdeacon Moule, speaking of this dispensary in his book "New China and Old," says, "For three months in succes-

sion I accompanied the Doctor once a week to Tsz'k'i. On each occasion nearly 200 patients were treated, and at the close of the experiment all hostility had disappeared, and I secured at once good premises for our Mission chapel from a willing negotiator —premises on the site of which now stands a substantial mission church." (p. 295)

(2) DEAF MUTES

I do not think deaf mutes are very numerous in China, but I have met several and have had some very interesting conversations with them. One case in particular was the first link of a long series of events which were of great interest and importance to us in our missionary work and still are after a lapse of fifty years. I was crossing the river at the Salt Gate Ferry in the spring of 1847 in a boat in which, among other passengers, was a deaf-mute carrying some drawing materials, and who was accompanied by a little boy. I immediately asked him if it was his child. He at once told me how many children he had and in reply to my questions told me that he was an artist and had been on the North Bank (near my house) taking the portrait of one of my neighbours (who had just died) so that the portrait might be hung up and worshipped at the time for worshipping ancestors. He asked me as to our family, parents, etc., and how many suns would set while I went from China to my country. Finally I pointed out my house and invited him to come and see me—which he did, and I got missionaries and others to get him to draw pictures representing Chinese people, trades, etc. I found that he

knew a few Chinese written characters which enabled us to converse much more readily, although he did not know enough to read a book. On one occasion I thought I would try and give him some ideas of the living God, our Creator, and of the uselessness of idols of wood and clay. The two written characters in Chinese for God and Spirit, were great helps in explaining my meaning. I commenced by explaining that a living man had a soul or spirit, but a corpse had not. That a living man might make a chair or a table out of wood, but a dead man could not because his soul was departed. Then I asked who made all things, and told him the idols were useless, being nothing but wood and brass without souls, but that he and I and all men everywhere were made by the only true God, who was a spirit; and although we could not see Him, just as we could not see our souls, yet we must reverence and worship Him as our Father who is in heaven. He seemed much interested, put into his stocking leg the paper upon which I had written the Chinese characters and bade me good-bye. One of his relatives was dying of a chronic disease and they sent for me to come and see him, which I did, but found him too far gone to help him. His daughter and only child who came to me for medicines was an interesting little girl who was related to Mr. Lu, who lived near Mr. Culbertson's house in the city of Ningpo, and whom I noticed once or twice at the Sunday afternoon services. He afterwards became my teacher of the Mandarin dialect. At his request I recommended his son to one of the newly-arrived missionaries as a personal teacher. The

younger Lu afterwards became a Christian and forty years after was the "blind elder" who died of cholera at Ningpo in 1887.

My good friend and colleague, the Rev. J. W. Quarterman, and I were on a trip in the country, and having occasion to pass the house of one of our chair-bearers who wanted to get a warmer jacket, as it was already sunset, we stopped for that purpose, and the wife came out of the house with a babe in her arms. I saw at a glance that the woman was a deaf-mute, and immediately commenced a conversation with her (by means of gestures, or the natural sign language). I asked her if that was her child and if it was her only child. She answered that it was her second child, and that the first child had been scalded to death by attempting to drink from the spout of a tea kettle which contained boiling water. When her husband came out of the house he and his fellow chair-bearer said to one another, "the deaf and dumb talk the same language in his (my) country as ours do."

(3) CHURCHES AND CHAPELS

The first regular mission church or chapel to be built by our Mission in Ningpo was the Tsuzin Church, so called from its being in the street in front of the prefect's (or Chifu) yamen, or office. Mr. Culbertson and I were the committee appointed. Mr. Culbertson, who, because he had been educated at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, was supposed to know more about architecture than any other members of the mission, drew plans for a large brick building with high Doric columns and a flight of stone

steps in front, etc. My preference was in favor of an unpretentious building as nearly as possible in the Chinese style, but it was expected by my colleagues that a spacious, lofty building would attract attention and help to draw crowded audiences. So the church was built accordingly, and finished in 1850. The majority of our Mission had not been more than four years in Ningpo and Mr. Culbertson was transferred to Shanghai before the building was begun so that the oversight of the work was left to me. Some years afterwards the inside of the church was divided so as to make two stories, the upper of which was used for Sunday services and the lower for Sunday schools, etc. It is still used for those purposes, but in my time it was never filled by an audience except when there was a gathering of the Sän Kong Wei, or Three Missions (Presbyterian, Baptist, and Church of England).

There was erected about the same time on the North Bank a smaller chapel or church building, the cost of which was paid by the Rev. J. K. Wight and the Rev. H. V. Rankin. Previously to this the union service in English was held in the prescribing room of my dispensary. The English mercantile community afterwards built a church on the river side of the Eastern side of the North Bank settlement, which answered, I suppose, for Bishop Russell's Cathedral.

(4) MISSIONARIES AS CONSULS, INTERPRETERS, ETC.

The first time I ever spoke to a Chinese Mandarin was when, at Mr. Wolcott's request, I went with him to call upon the officials at Ningpo, in October, 1844, to receive recognition for him as U. S. Vice-Consul.

From my teacher, Mr. Lu, in 1846-47, I got my first introduction in the Mandarin dialect, and whenever a ship (other than British) was to be entered or cleared the Chinese authorities always applied to me, and our Minister to China and our Consul at Shanghai always sent any official business relating to Ningpo to me, as I was not only the longest resident among the Americans, but for many years the only one who could speak the Mandarin dialect, or read the Chinese written language. The Hon. Humphrey Marshall, Hon. Louis McLane and Hon. Peter Parker all sent me commissions unsolicited and so did the Secretary of State, the Hon. William H. Seward. The Hon. Anson F. Burlingame proposed to the United States Government to engage me permanently in its service, and I referred the question to the Board in New York. It was left to me to decide, and I declined and returned to my post and to my "calling" at Ningpo. I never felt or considered that my calling to be a medical missionary absolved me from my obligations as a citizen of the United States, but as soon as the United States sent out Dr. W. C. Bradbury as Consul I declined all further part or responsibility. I expressed my feelings on this subject plainly to the Hon. Anson D. Burlingame. The Ningpo Mission in the troublous times of the Long Haired Rebels thought it desirable that I should act as U. S. Consul, and so did the Hon. Messrs. Humphrey Marshall, Louis McLane, and Peter Parker; and our Board of Foreign Missions tried to induce the State Department to appoint me as Consul in Japan, because I was not a minister of religion, but a medical doctor, and had had several years'

experience as a consul in China. But Mr. Harris did infinitely better than I could have hoped to do, and I have no reason to regret, but great reason to be glad, that I did not go to Japan at that time. I think that under all ordinary circumstances it is far better for a missionary to abide in the calling in which he is met, and not to seek for money or for honours in diplomatic pursuits.

(5) BOTANY

At Chusan I became acquainted with Robert Fortune, who afterwards wrote three works on China, and who had been sent out from England to investigate the flora of China. I gained some information from him which was of help to me in becoming acquainted with the Chinese materia medica. He afterwards discovered and sent to Europe a large number of useful and beautiful plants and afterwards used to leave his specimens under my care at Ningpo.

I discovered the insect wax, deposited by an insect (*coccus pelah*) in the vicinity of Chinhai and wrote the description and furnished specimens of the wax which Mr. Fortune had engraved and published in his book. It had been mentioned by the Jesuits as being found in the Province of Szechuen in Western China, upon a species of Ligustrum. Fortune and others had searched fruitlessly for it in the vicinity of the treaty ports. While I was trying to find a place for a chapel and dispensary in the city of Chinhai, I went into a candlemaker's establishment and, entering into conversation with him about the manufacture of candles, which the Chinese make from the tallow, or outer

coating of the fruit of the Stillingia Sebifera, and insect wax, I asked him if any of the insect wax was found in the neighbourhood of Chinhai. He said, "Yes," a small quantity was produced only. I found from him in what neighbourhood it was produced and the local name of the tree upon which it was deposited. At the proper season I made an excursion to the neighbourhood indicated, and found that the tree was not a Ligustrum, but a Fruximus Sinensis, or Chinese Ash, and from one of these trees cut several twigs covered with the grains of wax deposited by the coccus pelah. Some time afterwards I secured a specimen of the leaves and inflorescence of the tree, which I sent to Mr. D. Hamburg, who had the specimens engraved and published in his "Notes on Chinese Materia Medica." (London, 1862.)

Fifteen or more years afterwards, when I was teaching botany in the University of Tokyo and was associated in the management of the Botanical Garden with the celebrated Dr. Ito Keisuke, I asked him if the tree on which was deposited the insect wax in candle making was found in Japan. He said, "Yes," and asked his daughter to execute for me a coloured drawing of it, from which I learned that it was the Ligustrum Obovatum. The only species of Ligustrum I had met with in the neighbourhood of Ningpo or Shanghai was the Ligustrum Lucidum. My account has been called in question by some amateur botanists in Shanghai, because a commission sent by the British authorities to Yunnan, (in reference to the murder of Mr. Margery,) found the wax deposited upon a species of Ligustrum.

Unfortunately my learned friend, Mr. A. Wylie, to whom I sent the paper and drawing of the Ligustrum Obovatum for the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in Shanghai, was ill at the time, and the paper and drawing were lost.

(6) COLLECTIONS

I could not often spare time for special botanical or other scientific excursions to obtain specimens, and collectors in those days were few. When the French Minister, Mr. Lagrene, came with a corps of *savants* to Ningpo in 1844 I made a collection of the mulusses of Ningpo for M. Yvan, the surgeon of the Embassy, who visited me frequently in the temple, and on bidding me good-bye gave me a new and interesting work in French on ophthalmic surgery. When Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, of our Mission, went home in 1849, I sent a collection of Chinese skulls to the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, and an entomological collection containing more than three hundred different species of coleoptera, lepidoptera, and also geological specimens, etc. I afterwards sent a collection of ophidians, one of which proved to be a new species of trigonocephalus, or viper, which was considered by the Chinese to be very deadly, and was described by Prof. E. D. Cope in the journal of the Academy. I afterwards discovered a species of Saturnia at Ningpo, and wrote a paper on "Some Wild Silk-worms in China," including those which feed upon the Xanthoxylon Peperitum, and Quercus Cuspidata; which paper may be found in the Transactions of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society at Shanghai for 1866.

III

THE MAN AS AN ORIENTAL CHRISTIAN SAW HIM

By

Woh Cong-eng

Pastor of the Church of Bao kô-tah,
Ningpo, China.

III

THE MAN AS AN ORIENTAL CHRISTIAN SAW HIM

DR. McCARTEE was born in Philadelphia, Penna., on the 13th of Jan., 1820, being the oldest of the five sons of Robert McCartee. His college course was taken at Columbia College, New York, and his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania, where he carried off the highest honours of his class. In June, 1843, when the treaties made with China by the English had opened five ports to trade and the Gospel, the Presbyterian Board of Missions in New York wished him to go to China as a missionary. He saw in this call a revelation of the divine plan for him, and dared not hesitate to endure privation and suffering for Him, who left the glory of Heaven and became a man of sorrows, even giving up His life for man's redemption. He accordingly signified to Dr. Lowrie his willingness to go, and set sail from New York in October of the same year.

Behold what love for his Saviour and his fellowmen in China must have filled the breast of this young man of twenty-three to enable him to brave the dangers of the deep and go along to that far-of land to give them the Gospel! It was February 19th, 1844, when he reached Hong Kong, and tarried there and at Macao a few weeks for a favorable opportunity of proceeding

north. A little later he made his way to Chusan Island, which was held by the English as a naval station; and, securing the services of a Chinese druggist to act as teacher, began the study of the language. He made most remarkable progress, and in an almost incredibly short time was able to talk to the people and treat their diseases. In June of this same year he made a trip up the river to Ningpo, arriving on the 21st, and was hospitably received by the British Consul, who did what he could to make him comfortable. But the malarial climate proved at first too much for him; and he had to return to Chusan to recuperate and wait for cooler weather. It was in November that he again returned to Ningpo, and this time succeeded in renting a hovel on the north shore of the river, just opposite the city, and laid the foundations for the Presbyterian Mission in this part of China.

Dr. McCartee was the first missionary to reach Ningpo with a view to remaining; except a member of the American Baptist Mission, who had arrived a few months earlier, but whose residence in the place was much interrupted, and was brief. Dr. McCartee afterwards secured rooms in the Yiu-sing-kwan, a Taoist temple inside the city near the north gate, where he remained some months, and carried on his medical and evangelistic work. But these were troublous times. Hostilities had barely ceased, and the Chinese looked upon all foreigners as enemies and lost no opportunity to persecute them. He was truly as a lamb in the midst of wolves. The officials demanded that he be expelled from the temple, and sent out of the city; but fortunately his meekness and gen-

tleness won the day; and when he pointed out that he had in no way violated the treaties, or done anyone an injury, they took pity on his loneliness and let him stay. Eventually these same officials were won over to be his warm friends and often asked his assistance when difficulties with a foreign power arose.

Dr. McCartee was manifestly a tool of God's own choosing for laying the foundation of this work in Ningpo; for nothing but his loving, peaceful, gentle disposition could have overcome such opposition as he had to meet.

His friendly relations with some of the literati enabled him to purchase land on the north bank, and secure an old ancestral hall, and so have habitations ready for Rev. Messrs. Way, Culbertson, Lowrie, and Coulter, who were sent to Ningpo in 1845. In the same year Miss Aldersey, an English lady, became affiliated with these workers, and did much to develop educational work, especially for girls.

Dr. McCartee was one of the prime movers in the establishment of the Boys' School; and when, in 1868, Mr. Green wished to move the school, church, and all to Hangchow, it was Dr. McCartee's opposition that hindered this scheme, and so saved to the people of Ningpo the Fu-zin church and the school building; a service which they will never forget, who have shared the benefits thus secured.

When the first Presbyterian church was organized in Ningpo in 1847 Dr. McCartee was one of the elders. It was in this year that the Rev. Walter Lowrie, as he was returning from Shanghai in a Chinese junk, fell into the hands of pirates, and was drowned.

Dr. McCartee took up the case, pushing it with such energy and perseverance that the officials, very indifferent at first, finally took up the matter earnestly, and captured seven of the pirates, who were summarily executed. So salutary was this example that no foreigner in this region has been molested since that time by pirates; except on one occasion in 1855, when no harm followed.

During the two weary months that this matter dragged on Dr. McCartee laboured so incessantly and with a heart so burdened that he grew haggard and pale as though he had been ill.

Through his efforts a memorial stone was placed in the Ningpo Cemetery in honour of Mr. Lowrie, which is there still.

Not only was Dr. McCartee a leading man in his own mission, but he was on such terms with all the members of the other two missions working in Ningpo, The American Baptist and The English Church missions, that he was largely instrumental in bringing about that condition of harmony and good fellowship which made the three missions practically one. So highly was he esteemed by the men of other missions that when he left Ningpo, in 1872, some of them shed tears as they bade him good-bye; saying, "The Presbyterian Mission is losing a glorious light. This man was truly a blessing to his church and to us all."

Dr. McCartee's literary work was considerable, embracing a number of books; "Verses for Beginners," two volumes; "The Bible Topically Divided," and a "Harmony of the Gospels"; also several smaller

tracts, such as " The Three Character Classic," " Four Character Classic," " Six Warnings Against Opium," " The Truth Easily Known," " The Important Teaching of Jesus," " The Three Bonds of Belief," " Laws of the Protestant Church." Dr. McCartee also assisted in putting the Ningpo system of Roman script into the final form which has made it such a help to the church in this whole district.

Dr. McCartee was a physician of unusual skill. He had made a reputation for scholarship before leaving America; and upon his arrival in China he acquainted himself with the native treatises on medicine. Hence the people, officials and wealthy classes, as well as the common people, had a wonderful confidence in his skill, which was only increased by the success of his treatment. His reputation spread throughout the whole Ningpo region; and whenever he went on his itinerations among the neighbouring villages the people received him gladly. They not only entertained him, but willingly rented buildings for the opening of chapels. And converts not a few were the direct result of his medical and evangelistic work. Some who afterwards became useful preachers and teachers were reached in this way.

After the murder of Mr. Lowrie the American Government wished Dr. McCartee to act as consul for Ningpo. He long declined, saying he had no time for any but his religious duties; but finally consented to take the office temporarily. All his dealings with the officials were most friendly; and he never lost an opportunity to explain the Gospel to them in his interviews. It was probably in a good measure due to this

perfect understanding that the officials of Ningpo have always been willing to protect the Christians in their jurisdiction.

When the new treaty of 1858 opened other ports, Dr. McCartee felt that God was opening doors for the Gospel which ought to be entered at once. Accordingly, with a native helper, Zia Ying-tong, he moved to Chefoo, in July, 1862, and there remained three years, being afterwards joined by Dr. Nevius and others. Thus he was the first to open up this great work, as well as that at Ningpo. He returned to Ningpo from the North in September, 1865, some time after the expulsion of the T'ai-ping rebels from this place; and, after a furlough in the United States during 1869-70, he was, by December, 1870, here again. Dr. McCartee one day met a man who had heard the Gospel from Dr. Nevius in Hangchow, where he had been in business until the rebellion drove him to his home near Ningpo. Dr. McCartee took this man to his home, and treated him most cordially, instructing him more fully in the Gospel. This opened the way for work in a village seven miles from Ningpo out of which has grown the Kao-gyiao church, which now has sixty members and a large new building, erected almost entirely by the members themselves.

When Rev. William Morrison gave up the church in Bao kô-tah in 1865, being compelled to return to America on account of failing health, the members desired Dr. McCartee to take charge of their church; which he accordingly did as their elder, walking the seven miles from Ningpo every Sabbath morning and

evening, and thus bearing a strong testimony to the sanctity of the Sabbath day. He would not have another labour on that day merely to give him comfort. I need not speak of his diligence and willingness to endure hardship; since everybody saw it for themselves. He was carrying on simultaneously four lines of work, either of which might have consumed all of one man's time—looking after a church, the consular office, literary work, medical work; besides all this there were many consultations with other workers both of his own and other missions. From morning till night there was not an idle moment. Even while he was at his meals he would be reading books and magazines. Because of this overwork and too much exposure to the sun, he was subject to spells of dizziness. In addition to all the above, were weekly trips to Chin-hae and Z-kyi, from which he often returned entirely exhausted; just as Paul says of himself in 2 Cor. xi:27. Dr. McCartee had regular days and hours for dispensing medicine; but no one was ever sent away empty, no matter at what hour he came; nor did he ever refuse to answer a call, regardless of the distance or difficulties of the journey.

Sometimes he would receive the sick into his own home, attending them in person, even sitting up with them through the night; nor did he make a difference in his treatment of Christians and outsiders, but showed the same consideration for all. He never went out, but people along the way asked for medicine; and he always supplied them from his case.

His unfailing love was a great stimulus to all those with whom he came into contact. One of the promi-

nent traits in Dr. McCartee's character was his sympathy, especially toward fatherless children. In 1866 Mrs. Kying, wife of the pastor of the church in Yu-yiao died of cholera, followed in a few days by her husband. Dr. McCartee took their little children, a boy of seven and a girl of two, and brought them up as his own children. In the eleventh month of the same year the wife of one of the helpers suddenly died, leaving an infant son. Dr. McCartee happened to be present at the time, and wept with the sorrowing husband. Having wrapped the little one in one of his own garments he took it to a foster mother, who nourished and cared for it. In the churches at Ningpo, Kao-gyiao and Bao kô-tah there were fatherless children brought to him almost every month; and he would find a place for them, paying for their keep from his own purse. This he did for many years, just as the Scripture says in Isa. lviii:7.

He had many boys in school who were orphans of Christians. Indeed those who shared his bounty were well nigh numberless. While at home on furlough between 1869-1870, he raised funds to establish a hospital and an orphan asylum in Ningpo; but on his return to the field some dissension in the station hindered his purpose, and we in Ningpo were deprived of the blessing he had planned for us.

Dr. McCartee's home was always open to guests, and they accepted his hospitality in large numbers. His friendly ways, both with foreigners and Chinese, drew them to him like a magnet. Nor did his welcome fade with the passing days.

In his treatment of his servants, too, his consider-

ation was most marked; and they served with great faithfulness, unwilling to leave one who was more like a father than a master. Several of his servants became Christians, and all wept with genuine sorrow when he left Ningpo. I have already told of his care for the children of deceased Christians; nor was his care for the dead less notable. When about to leave Ningpo in 1869, he had stones put at the graves of all deceased Christians, saying, "Now have I done my duty by the dead." Thus all his actions manifested love. When the end of life closed his labours, his parting message was: "Give my love to all." This was all the legacy he left. His money had been used to do good during his lifetime, so that he had little laid by on earth; but he is now enjoying the treasure laid up in Heaven as promised in Matt. xxv:40.

When Dr. McCartee returned to Ningpo in December, 1870, it was with the purpose of spending the rest of his days there; and he immediately set about arranging for the hospital and asylum for which the funds had been raised, and the furnishings, medicines, etc., brought with him.

Difficulties arose in the station, and opposition to his plan developed to such a strength that, with much sorrow of heart, he gave up his cherished plan, returned the money to the donors, and decided to leave Ningpo, which he did in January, 1872. A great crowd of foreigners and Chinese accompanied him to the steamer, many of them in tears. In his parting message to them the Doctor said, as the tears streamed down his face: "It was not my wish to leave you; but now I feel it is better for me to go than to quarrel

with my colleagues. Only my body goes, my heart remains with you. Stand firm in the Lord; my God and your God, my Father and your Father; and in the future we shall meet again in the Saviour's kingdom. This is my parting wish for you. May the Lord abide with you."

When he arrived in Shanghai the Consul General for the U. S. A. asked him to take the place of one of the consuls, who was on sick leave; and this position he occupied for six months. At the end of that time he accepted a chair in the Imperial University of Japan, and prepared at once for his new work.

Just as he was setting out for the journey there came a commission from the Chinese government empowering him to act as special envoy to Japan, to secure the release of certain coolies who had been kidnapped. He set out on this double mission in September, 1872. Having discharged his obligations to the Chinese government he proceeded to Tokyo, and entered upon the duties of instructor in Natural Science, etc., in the University. His wisdom and learning were much praised by all who knew him, or studied in his classes. But as the story of his twenty-eight year's work for Japan has been written in full I need not repeat it here. The year after he left Ningpo, there came a letter from the Mission Board pointing out the station's mistake in its treatment of Dr. McCartee; and urging that the members of the station write to him, confessing the wrong done him, and asking him to return to Ningpo. This was done; but as a field of usefulness had already opened for him in Japan he decided to remain there. Yet, true to

his parting word, his heart remained over in Ningpo. He always delighted to meet any one from there, and missed no opportunity to send back greetings to his host of friends. Moreover, he continued through his life to send money for the aid of Bao kô-tah; helping the people with their new building, and making an annual subscription to the pastor's salary, besides helping in the support of several poor dependents under the church's care. His love never failed while life lasted.

In the year 1900 he returned to his native land, on account of failing health, and took up his residence in San Francisco, Cal. There, on the 17th of July, his earthly labours ended at the ripe age of nearly eighty-one. At his death, as in his life, his one thought was love. "Divide my love among all," was a true expression of the whole motive of his life. His love flowed out as the ceaseless flow of a river. Who has not shared in it? As the Lord Jesus Himself, so this true servant, became poor that others might be made rich. His only store was that laid up in Heaven. Though Dr. McCartee is dead, he yet lives. There are four ways in which he lives. (1) The books which he wrote are still being read, and in them he still speaks to men. (2) Those who were helped by him are still here to proclaim his praises. (3) Those who were his pupils are still here, living out his instructions; his life is reproduced in them. (4) His example is fixed indelibly in the hearts of all who knew him, and stirs them with a desire to be such as he was. Is it not eminently true of Dr. McCartee as the Scripture says: "He being dead yet speaketh"?

IV

THE MAN AS A FELLOW-WORKER KNEW HIM

By

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Foreign Adviser to the Japanese Minister of Education.

IV

THE MAN AS A FELLOW-WORKER KNEW HIM

THE career of Dr. McCartee illustrates in a conspicuous manner the many uses to which a missionary may be put. He died at San Francisco, in his eighty-first year, July 17, 1900, after fifty-six years spent in fruitful effort to Christianize the life of the Far East. Few men have had so varied an experience, or can count up so many useful and satisfactory results, as could this veteran scientist, professor, diplomatist and missionary. It was my fortune to know him intimately at one of the most interesting periods of his life, when for several years we were neighbours, and daily brought into close relations.

In the spring of the year 1873, at the request of the Embassy from Japan, which had then visited the United States, I went as Adviser to the Imperial Minister of Education, and spent six years in the employ of the Japanese government. When I first arrived in Japan I found Dr. McCartee already engaged in the Kaisei-Gakko, as it was then called, or Foreign Language School, which afterward became the Imperial University of Tokyo. He had been sent by the Viceroy of Nanking, together with the Chinese Judge of the Mixed Court at Shanghai, to confer with the

Japanese authorities in reference to the case of the *Maria Luz,* a vessel carrying Chinese coolies to Peru. This vessel, with its load of 232 unwilling emigrants, had been driven by stress of weather into the port of Yokohama. There two of the coolies made their escape, and were recaptured on land. The Japanese government interfered to prevent their restoration, and restrained the vessel from deporting its living freight. At the instance of Dr. McCartee the Viceroy of Nanking, to whose native province of Canton the coolies belonged, was informed of their retention at Yokohama; and was urged to relieve the Japanese government of their charge, that they might be restored to their homes. The Viceroy immediately sent the Commissioners named; and their representations were so effective that, much to the gratification of their own government, the coolies were restored to China. This not only ended an infamous traffic which for some years had been going on with little check, but made the beginning of modern diplomatic relations between the two great neighbouring empires that for centuries had continued in their proud isolation from each other no less than from the western world.

It was during his presence in Japan on this diplomatic business in 1872 that Dr. McCartee, at the solicitation of Dr. Verbeck, then in the employ of the Japanese government, accepted a position in the Kaisei-Gakko as professor of Natural History and of Law.

The Natural History included the departments of Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Zoology and Botany. His instruction in Law was chiefly confined to

International Law, with which a large consular and judicial experience in China had made him familiar. At this time he had completed twenty-eight years of extremely varied service as a medical missionary in China; and he was destined to another twenty-eight years of service largely devoted to Japan. In his nearly equal acquaintance with these two countries for so protracted a term of years, his experience stands probably alone. During his residence in China, and amid the engrossing cares of a pioneer missionary's life, his early studies in the natural sciences were never wholly intermitted; and to an unusual degree he was qualified to teach them in the first years of the new university. His knowledge of Chinese essentially aided him in guiding Japanese students.

The Japanese schools had not then made the progress in modern education which they have since so notably achieved. For a time neither books nor teachers using the native language could be had. Three foreign languages were employed in the instruction daily given, with some one of which every student must have some acquaintance. German was used by the faculty of Medicine; French in the Army School, and in the department of Law; English in the school for Naval Affairs, and in the departments of general science and engineering.

In all these lines of study the first thing to be done for the student was to make him reasonably familiar with the foreign language in which his studies were carried on, and with technical terms. The boys were eager and quick, and Dr. McCartee was a skilful

linguist. The Japanese printed and written language makes a considerable use of the Chinese characters, which serve in both languages to represent the same ideas, although their pronunciation is entirely different. The Japanese nomenclature of science is fundamentally Chinese; although many words, expressing ideas unknown to the Chinese, have been imported directly from western languages. Understanding the ideographic characters common to the two languages Dr. McCartee was able to use them to communicate the facts of science. He would write these characters on paper and the blackboard; and I have seen him make them with his finger in the air, or on the palm of his hand. He was, moreover, a natural linguist, and with great rapidity acquired the use of the Japanese.

With these unusual equipments he was soon recognized as an efficient instructor in the several departments he had undertaken. One of his duties was to lecture upon Japanese botany: and it was a great delight to him to encourage his pupils to make and label and arrange collections of the native plants. At first he could only proceed in an elementary way, but he so threw himself into the work that his students soon became enthusiastic.

There had long been a botanical garden established in the city of Tokio in the temple grounds of the Go-koku-ji at Koishikawa. It seems to have been begun by the Shogun Tsunayoshi in 1681, who caused to be set out there a variety of foreign and medicinal plants. Probably suggestions for the management of this garden were made from time to time by the emi-

nent and skilful botanists of the Dutch colony at Nagasaki: of whom the most notable were Krempfer, from 1690 and after, Thunberg in 1775, Titsingh in 1779, and Von Siebold in 1823. The Japanese themselves were skilled in much that pertained to plants. Our own people know enough of Japanese plants, and the skill employed in their propagation, to see with what sedulous care the Japanese would provide for such a garden. The Dutch learned from them many things concerning the growth and cultivation of plants; and introduced into Europe from Japan many varieties before unknown. In turn the Japanese were eager to learn from the Dutch, and especially concerning the use and properties of medicinal plants.

This botanical garden, when Dr. McCartee came to Tokyo, was in charge of the Educational Department, and was presided over by Dr. Ito Keis'ke, a native botanist of the highest reputation, who had been associated with many foreign scholars. So much confidence did the Government place in Dr. McCartee that it associated with him Dr. Ito in the superintendence of this garden. At the conclusion of his five years' connection with it the Senior Vice Minister of Education wrote a highly appreciative tribute to his service.

When Dr. McCartee first entered the Kaisei-Gakko it was one of his functions to give instruction in Law, especially in international Law. By 1875 a separate professorship of Law was established, and he then took a class in Political Economy. He also for a while taught Latin. Yet for all this range of instruction there was not a subject that he handled in which he failed to secure the enthusiastic interest of his

pupils. In after years it was a great pleasure to him to meet with some distinguished native lawyers who had received from him the first courses of their profession, and who were gratefully willing to attribute to him much of their success in life.

It was Dr. McCartee's fortune to be instrumental in the initiation of modern international relations between China and Japan, not only as described in the case of the *Maria Luz,* but also in the establishment in Japan of the first Chinese Legation of modern times. While he was still a medical missionary at Ningpo Mr. Chang Luseng, a native scholar and merchant of that city, was long his private student in western science, and corresponded with him after Dr. McCartee had become connected with the Kaisei-Gakko in Japan. The importance of having a Chinese legation at Tokyo to deal with the many matters now arising was strongly impressed on Dr. McCartee's mind; and he first urged upon Mr. Chang, then an officer in the imperial service, the need of bringing this subject to the attention of his own Government. This Mr. Chang effectively accomplished, and an Embassy was appointed of which he was made the junior envoy. Dr. McCartee was then asked to become its Foreign Adviser, with the rank of Secretary; and in this capacity he accompanied the Embassy from Shanghai to Tokyo in the fall of 1877, with an engagement for three years. He had every qualification for such a post. He knew the languages, both spoken and written, of both countries. He had witnessed the new development of Japan, and was familiar with the supercilious views hitherto entertained by the older

nation in regard to the movements of her ambitious neighbour. He was acquainted with all the questions which had arisen or were likely to arise between them. He possessed a long experience of personal dealing with high officials of both lands; and he had invariably won, and never lost, the exceptional confidence of these officers. He understood international usages, and forms of procedure. Notwithstanding the natural antipathy of the two countries, and the somewhat strained relations then occasioned by a mutual conflict of claims to the sovereignity of the Loo-Choo Islands, these relations continued amicable during all of Dr. McCartee's connection with the Legation; and it is not saying too much to attribute the fact to his wise and tactful influence. The position was one requiring extraordinary tact. That his services were duly valued is plain from the cordial friendship that marked all his intercourse with the ministers, from the tributes penned by them at his voluntary termination of the engagement, and from the honour done him by the government at Peking in bestowing upon him the permanent rank of Honorary Consul General.

Dr. McCartee's versatility was a marked characteristic of the man. Yet he was not more versatile than efficient. Few men have ever been able to show an equal variety in work that was highly successful. He was a linguist in the best sense. He was a scientist of no mean attainment. He was a teacher of science who impressed his subject upon his students with consummate force. He was an expert in international law, and practically exemplified his knowledge by numerous and varied services in two countries. He

turned from one occupation to the other with marvellous facility. With his Huguenot blood he had inherited the vivacity of his nature. Even when an old man he stepped about with the elasticity of youth. His mental operations were as quick and incisive as his bodily movements. He turned without hesitation and embarrassment from the intricacies of international law, to the physiology of a plant. He discussed at one moment the puzzles of the Chinese language, and at another was busy with the care of a sick patient. Yet he made all these powers subservient to the one great object of his life.

It must never be forgotten in estimating Dr. McCartee's character that he was beyond all else a missionary. As circumstances required he had been physician, naturalist, linguist, a professor and a diplomatist. But all of his acquirements he was ready to devote to the Master, whose representative he ever continued to be. With an earnestness peculiar to him he was ready to do any work that would advance the best interests of the peoples among whom he had cast his lot; but the supreme motive of his life was to advance the interests of his Redeemer's Kingdom. His last years, like his first in the Far East, were given to more directly missionary labour. His zeal for the Christianizing of the Orient was never dulled, nor his assurance of the final issue ever diminished.

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